

# PILGRIMAGE *and* SERVICE

---

*By* JOSEPH KRIMSKY, M.D.













# Pilgrimage & Service

by

**JOS. KRIMSKY, M. D.**

**OF THE AMERICAN ZIONIST MEDICAL UNIT IN PALESTINE**

**1918—1919**

KIEU

PA

370

145

K74

1919

It is a glorious day, clear and brilliant. The sea is calm and blue and the sky is serene and cloudless. I gaze far away into the distant horizon and hope that my loved ones are well and secure. Five days ago I bade them farewell and went among strange people on a journey to far away strange lands. The first two days on board were not very pleasant ones for me. It was an acute attack of homesickness complicated with severe and annoying manifestations of seasickness. My two room-mates seemed to be equally afflicted and as the sea was very rough we clung to our bunks and steamer chairs partaking of very little food and drink. Friday was a very calm and pleasant day and I began to make a closer acquaintance of our ship and our shipmates. I am constantly meeting very interesting people.

We have with us a great many Red Cross physicians and nurses and many welfare workers.

The majority are going voluntarily to render their service in the cause of humanity, and this ideal is like an invisible bond linking us all firmly together. In the face of a common danger and under the inspiration of a great world-ideal our petty differences vanish and our little prejudices disappear.

You are doubtless interested to know how I pass the time. Well, I am going to tell you. The first thing in the morning I take a sea-water tub bath, shave, get dressed and go down to breakfast. By the way, I must not forget to tell you that I sleep in the upper bunk and it is great exercise climbing up and down, especially when the boat rocks. Everytime I move or change my position in my bunk my room-mates wake up and think a submarine is attacking us. I may tell you in confidence that we are sleeping with most of our clothes on and our life belts within easy reach.

Well, now let us leave our little stateroom and go down to breakfast for the bell is ringing. The dining room is a beautiful spacious salon; the meals are passable and the service excellent. We are five at a table and the one who has interested me most is a Scotch Minister, who is a Major in

the British Army. He has followed his calling, ministering to the soldiers at the French front ever since the war began; four members of his family have been killed in battle. He has spent six months in the United States on a speaking tour and now he is returning to resume his duties "over there." Incidentally he is going to meet his only son, a boy of nineteen, who is about to be sent into the front lines.

He is a man of medium height and powerful physique; a splendid talker, a fascinating raconteur, and an all-around good fellow. As he sits back in his chair or marches about on deck with his Scotch Highland cap tilted jauntily on one side and his good humored bronzed features beaming and smiling, he is the centre of attraction and the point of greatest interest. He has travelled a great deal, has imbibed a deep fund of information and a broad liberal human outlook upon life.

There is not a game or a sport on deck in which Major M— does not join in heartily. He scarcely conforms to the conventional type of a model minister. He can play well, talk well, live well, and if necessary, fight well. His duties have carried him right into the front line dugouts and trenches and his wholesome and cheery presence must have infused courage and hope into the hearts of the men with whom he has shared suffering and hardship.

After breakfast we go up on deck and walk around or lounge in the steamer chairs. We all constantly wear our life belts and look like a crowd of pack peddlars. While parading around in this fashion, we suddenly hear five shrill whistles sounded in quick succession. Each of us immediately stations himself near the lifeboat to which he has been assigned by a number. This performance is what is called the "lifeboat drill" and is practiced on us sometimes two and three times a day.

This morning and yesterday evening we attended Sabbath services. The prayers and responses were simple and brief. There was no pomp or ceremony, but there was a close communion between the hearts of the little gathering and the

destiny that controls the courses of the stars, the fates of Nations and the lives of the men and women on board this ship, carrying us to service on distant battlefields and strange cities.

Even the unorthodox and the infidels amongst us were touched and inspired as in the days when we heard the heart-breaking Kol Nidre with hearts full of faith and trust and devotion. The peace and awe of the Sabbath rested upon us in the midst of the waters lurking with danger and destruction. It was an inward peace and quiet that comes to men and women who have their eyes fixed on a sacred goal, who have their souls attuned to the harmony of a high ideal.

I have never felt that peace and serenity in the noise and confusion and haste and self-seeking of the great crowded city.

At 3 P. M. this morning, while we were all sleeping soundly in our bunks, we were awakened by shrill blasts breaking the stillness of the night. We hastily jumped into whatever clothes we could reach and rushed out on deck. We found ourselves enveloped in a dense fog, but our good ship was plowing on its way as if nothing had happened. After a great deal of hubub and confusion, we learned that nothing had really happened and that the whistles which had alarmed us were merely fog signals. I suspect that several adventure-some spirits in our midst were keenly disappointed that we had not bumped a few submarines into eternity, but those of us with wives and kiddies at home were, I blush to confess, rather grateful that it was a false alarm and not an actual submarine attack.

We turned in and spent the remaining hours of the night dreaming of submarines and torpedoes and woke up to a glorious, smiling, sunshiny morning.

On Tuesday evening my good friend and messmate, Major M— delivered a talk on the great war and his personal experiences at the front. It was an inspiring address that pictured the sufferings and sacrifices of the great struggle

as I have never seen or heard them pictured before. We sat spellbound for well nigh two hours.

He told of France and Belgium as he had known them for many years—green, happy, peaceful, prosperous; the thriving towns, the fruitful fields and farms; the simple healthy, honest countryfolk; the cultured, progressive towns-people. And then he described the desolation that came and settled on these lands, now great barren, treeless wastes, full of mud and shell holes and ruins. And he told of the orphans and widows and the ravaged women and the mutilated and the crippled. And he told of the hospitals and Red Cross stations bombarded and destroyed, and the hospital ships torpedoed and sunk while on their errands of mercy. As he told of all these horrors the eyes of strong men and women inured to scenes of suffering, grew moist and dim and the hearts of flesh became hearts of steel in the unalterable determination to strain every sinew and spend every drop of blood and every bit of energy until this monster of inhumanity was driven out of the world, and peace and security and justice made an eternal heritage for our children and our children's children.

It is a clear, bright day, but very windy and the sea is turbulent. It is a fascinating sight to me—the limitless expanse of deep blue water tossed hither and thither by stormy foam-crested waves. I have walked five miles this morning, which is forty-five times around the deck. I am constantly either walking or reading. Occasionally I get into an interesting conversation.

#### **The Major's Story:**

"In a French military hospital not far from the front, lay a captured German officer on a cot. He had been very severely injured and now his life was ebbing away. There he lay, his handsome features haggard and distorted with pain and his pale, parched lips murmuring "Eliza, Eliza." They knew very little about him, except that he was married and in the town of Holmburg a little home awaited him and an aching, loving heart yearned and prayed for him.



"Sister Marie sat by his bedside holding his fevered hand and trying to alleviate the sufferings of the expiring soldier And so he died with the beloved name 'Eliza' on his lips.

"A few months later the fortunes of war brought the French Army into the German town of Holmburg and with the invading troops came Sister Marie. Her first thought was to visit the home of the dead officer and one morning she was guided to a quaint little red brick house, surrounded by a garden of flowers. A charming little woman received her and Sister Marie sat and held the widow's hand and told the story of the dying soldier, who with his last breath called upon 'Eliza, Eliza.'

"The wife listened with bowed head and downcast glance and tears glistening in her blue eyes. Then she said "Madam, it is very noble of you to bring me this message from my dying husband, only my name is not 'Eliza'; my name is Margarita."

Just now I have had my palm read by one of the ladies on board. She is a woman of about thirty-five, tall, stately and charming, though not beautiful according to accepted standards. Her dark hair is streaked with silver and her face is marked by deep lines and furrows telling the story of a life of care and suffering. She is a trained nurse and by the soft smile on her face and the kind light in her eyes I know that she will ease the pain and relieve the agony of many a wounded soldier at the front. She spends much of her time amusing herself and others in reading palms. Incidentally, she exacts a contribution for the soldier's tobacco fund. I was interested to know how she did it and by what means she arrived at her conclusions. While reading my palm she also studied my face intently and I was surprised at her remarks on my character, temperament and habits. While not altogether complimentary, many of her estimates were quite true and so I forgive her particularly in view of the fact that she made a very pleasing analysis of my family life. She made no predictions concerning my future as I warned her I could be very

skeptical. We drifted into a conversation on religion and I found her intensely spiritual, which, of course, I had expected.

I have written all this about her because she is a type of a great many men and women, who are going across, not to slaughter, but to save and to help and to heal without any thought of glory or fame or remuneration, but impelled and animated by an idealism and a spiritual exaltation unparalleled in the history of the world. I believe that when the war is over and peace is re-established, the self-sacrifice, the devotion and idealism that is now so quietly and unassumingly rendering service to a stricken world will leave its eternal impress on future generations.

It is the dawn of another Sabbath morning. The time is 5 A. M., which means that it is about 11 P. M. at home and my beloved ones have just retired to bed.

I am out on deck watching the brightening sky and the golden glimmer of the sunlight on the water. It is hard to imagine that under this calm, gently heaving surface, a deadly enemy may be lurking, intent on murder and destruction.

We slept through the night completely dressed, even to our boots and overcoats. Some of us did not venture to retire at all, but spent the night chatting, reading or engrossed in various games. We had been warned by the Captain that we were entering the most dangerous Zone in the world. So you can picture to yourself with what relief I watched the glorious sunrise bringing cheer and hope and renewed confidence. And fancy my delight when on the distant horizon I began to discern through the morning mist the faint outlines of the rugged and hilly coast of Scotland.

We are rapidly approaching England, the first Caravan-sery on our long and perilous journey.

---

We are about to depart. We came to London for a week but remained for a month. Our days and evenings have been devoted to seeing interesting places and institu-

tions; to being feted, filmed, scanned, stared at and commented upon.

The Jewish ladies here have organized themselves into committees and have taken us in charge, piloted us through most interesting and beautiful parks, monuments and institutions, invited us to their homes and treated us most royally.

We have shuddered in the little cells of the London Tower and gazed with awe at the inscriptions and figures chiselled into the stone walls by the prisoners. We admired the old armor and stepped quickly and gingerly over the spots where some brave Knight or some fair lady or some innocent child met death by the sword, the ax or the rope.

We wended our way through Westminster Abbey, over the hallowed graves of immortal philosopher, preacher, warrior and bard.

In the great and wonderful St. Paul's Cathedral, we gasped and held our breath, as we peered aloft into the sublimity of its indescribable and incomparable dome.

The magnificent House of Parliament claimed our interest and attention for a day under the guidance of the genial Colonel W—.

And sweetest of all memories, a trip up the Thames River, winding tranquilly amidst fields and woods, through quaint little villages, past gardens radiant with flowers. Oh! what a tenderness and a yearning possessed my heart as we glided by the ivy-covered English homes, so peaceful and picturesque amidst their orchards and gardens. How blest art thou, O, England, that thy sons and thy ships have kept the merciless ravages of war away from thy green shores!

---

I have just returned from a whirlwind tour of Paris. The French Government has in a magnificently cordial manner placed at the disposal of our Unit a squad of twelve limousines, which have made this day for us a trip through fairyland.

I have indeed lost my heart to Paris and I can appreciate

the deep and tender love and devotion that all Parisians have for their wonderful city.

We commenced the day with a pilgrimage to the Rothschild Hospital, which is a model of efficiency and equipment. It is now used exclusively for military purposes.

Then we were whirled through the city, a city of enchanting palaces converted into hospitals, a city overflowing with the heart blood of the world, fighters from every clime on their way to the battlefield and with multitudes of the wounded and mutilated returning therefrom.

I cannot attempt to describe Paris, its temples, its monuments, its parks and boulevards. I will merely say that he who has lived and died without ever seeing the Pantheon, the Trocadero, the Bois de Boulogne, Le Saire Coeur de Montmartre and Notre Dame de Paris, has missed a pleasure which is well nigh divine. It is a sublime symphony of beauty. City of the world, Au Revoir!

---

The trip from Paris to Rome lasted thirty-six hours by rail. We were crowded into small compartments and as there were no sleeping or dining cars or washing facilities, we looked more like coal heavers than physicians and nurses when we reached our destination.

We were indeed a very tired, hungry and sleepy lot as we wended our way from the railway station to the Grand Hotel in Rome in the baking hot noon hour. But we were happy for we had travelled through some of the most famous beauty spots in the world,—through the Alps, glorious beyond compare, along the shores of Lake Bourget, like a gem in its Alpine setting; we had stopped at Aix les Bains for an early and hurried breakfast; Aix les Bains, a name to conjure with among the summer resorts of the world; and then on again with eyes fixed on the snow-capped mountains, on the little stone huts and cottages, red tiled roofs and grey walls, covered with clambering vines; huts and hamlets and villages, perched on the mountain sides or settled comfortably

in the smiling valleys; on we sped, with eyes riveted on the orchards and vineyards of Savoy, with gaze lingering fondly on the ploughman and his cattle, slowly plodding their way through the fields.

At Modane we crossed over the frontier into Italian territory. We sped like greased lightning for sixteen minutes through a tunnel piercing Mount Cenis; through darkness and smoke and deafening roar into the welcome sunlight and on again through Italy, whirling by us in an everchanging panorama.

We dined at the station at Turin and hurried away into the twilight, into a country growing more even and level, with the mountains receding in the distance and the plains stretching out before us. Night came on, starry and luminous. I stood at the window watching, tirelessly, ceaselessly watching. Along the shores of the Mediterranean, past Italian gardens and villas, rich and gorgeous, past huts and hamlets. And the moon sailed along overhead and its light silvered the waters, silvered the waves beating against the coast. Again and again we were swallowed up in the mountain tunnels; again and again we tried to shut out the dust and smoke and deafening din, and Oh! what a relief when we issued into the starry moonlit night. Sleep did not come to me that night. Every now and then I would wrap myself in my coat and lie down on the floor among the bundles. But our stops at stations were frequent and what with the heat and noise and crowds and baggage trying to force their way into our over-filled car, I was more than delighted when our train pulled into Rome.

The luxurious Grand Hotel, the cold bath, the change of clothes, the hearty meal,—it was all like a transformation wrought by Aladdin's Lamp.

It is now late in the afternoon and we are soon bidding farewell to the Eternal City.

I have seen the Vatican and the superlatively grand and

magnificent St. Peters Cathedral. My eyes have seen what the mind of man can conceive and what the hand of man can accomplish, and lo, it is beautiful.

We drove out to the Colosseum and the ruins of Rome's glory, the temples, baths, triumphal arches and the vast Roman forum.

Oh! what the mind of man can conceive, what the hand of man can achieve, what the heart of man can devise, what the greed of man can covet, and what the might of man can destroy! lo, it is unfathomable!

We trod where the ancient Ceasars sat in the pomp and glory; in the cells where the martyrs prayerfully awaited their final agony; in the dens where the ravenous beasts waited, raging and roaring for their prey; in the arena where the brave slaves from the north and the south and the east and the west slaughtered each other, while fair patrician dames looked on and laughingly pointed thumbs down.

During the afternoon we attended special services in our honor at the famous synagogue, built on the bank of the River Tiber, in the district formerly occupied as the Ghetto. It is a splendid work of architecture and considered the most beautiful synagogue in the world. I was deeply moved by the impressive ceremony and by the majestic beauty of the temple.

The choir chanted hymns and the rich tones of the organ echoed and re-echoed the plaintive oriental melodies. My beloved ones at home, my heart goes back to you longingly across the seas. Are you safe? Are you well? Are you happy and smiling or sad and tearful? My soul goes out to you, O, my living and my dead, to you whom I have left in our little nest, and to you whom I have laid away under the grass and the flowers and the starry heavens. My spirit draws near to you in sacred communion—clasps you and holds you fast.

---

Last night I visited the Colosseum by moonlight. The gaunt and grim walls, the massive arches, the crumbling and

broken columns and the moon rising slowly over the parapet even as in the centuries of Rome's grandeur and glory, shedding its pale light into the arena where the silence of the tomb is broken by a sweet, soft feminine voice singing an Italian aria of love.

Today we drove out to the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, a triumph of Roman genius and architecture, which has for centuries been the prey of vandal hordes and the pagan remains of which have been used for the building and adornment of some of the finest monuments, churches and cathedrals in the world.

Thence, we visited the Catacombs, the subterranean burial grounds and chapels of the early Christians, the scene of heroic self-sacrifice and martyrdom for a faith which was still essentially Jewish.

---

I am leading a life very close to nature. Behold me now in my tent, reclining at ease on my cot as I write these lines. I am enveloped in a bathrobe—only this and nothing more. The thermometer outside my tent registers 120° F. and I have just come in dripping from my third plunge in the bay today.

Around me are rows upon rows of tents forming a vast military camp situated somewhere in Italy. Camp C—overlooks a magnificent sheet of water, stretching inland from the blue Mediterranean. The place has been a fiery hot, sandy, silent, barren wilderness, until twelve months ago. It is now still fiery hot and sandy, but British energy and resourcefulness have converted it into a living, teeming city—a city of canvas and of long, roomy, airy barracks, mess halls, hospitals and administrative buildings of limestone walls and red-tiled roofs. These buildings are encircled by broad verandas, well shaded and screened. Many tons of equipment and thousands of officers and troops pass through this tented city while on their way to and from England, France, Mesopotamia, Palestine and India. East and west meet here, stack up their arms,

exchange greetings and confidences, rest a few days and depart like ships that pass in the night.

We are three in a tent, not reckoning the swarms of ants who are very much at home and companionable, nor the tiny lizards occasionally darting around under the cots. The bugle put us to bed at ten with "Lights Out" and arouses us at six in the morning.

A plunge in the bay, followed by a rapid shave and toilet and we are ready to relish our breakfast of porridge, bread and margarine, fried egg and tea. After this strenuous task, we sit and rest and gossip under a shady canvas awning, stretching from the branches of an old olive tree. All ranks and all services mingle freely and easily here.

There is no stiffness and no bravado as tales of adventure and bits of experience from Calcutta, Bagdad, Jerusalem, Salonika and Soissons are modestly and unassumingly interchanged.

One of my tent-mates, a tall, spare wiry and bronzed Britisher has been for years a mining engineer in Mexico, then a major in Carranza's army, lately a captain on the western front and now on his way with a corps of engineers to Mesopotamia.

And so we sit under the canopy trying to read or dozing, or listlessly joining in the droning conversation. Ever and anon our gaze is directed upward by the whirring of the aeroplanes, high up in the cloudless sky or the hydroplanes gracefully dipping down towards the surface of the bay. So the hours drift by with a break in the monotony during the meagre lunch and dinner, consisting of some sliced beef, mashed potatoes, pudding and coffee.

By this time the shadows have lengthened, a refreshing breeze is blowing inland and we start out on our promenade along the shore. The view unfolded before our eyes extends far across the blue sheet of water for miles over low rolling brown hills, dotted here and there with clumps of trees and gray villages along the dusty, chalky white roads.



There are all sorts of craft in the bay, great ocean liners with their fantastically camouflaged hulks and funnels, little motor boats skimming hither and thither and fishermen's sail-boats leisurely and gracefully gliding along.

We break away from the shore and cut across the country, stopping now and then to watch an army of ants on the march or to attempt the capture of a tantalizing little lizard sunning himself on a rock. We are almost on top of him,— we are sure we have him, but he slips out and darts away like a flash. We ramble along past hedges of prickly cactus, past olive and almond and fig trees studded on trunk and branch and twig with tiny but destructive snails in their wondrously beautiful shells.

We attended Sabbath services in the great assembly tent. The lady members of our Unit came over from the Sisters' Camp, where they were quartered and we had a sort of family reunion. At the conclusion of the prayers and readings we found that our congregation had been augmented by several Jewish soldiers as well as by two gentlemen on their way to England from Palestine. These newcomers had been passing on the road and were attracted by the familiar Hebrew melodies strangely issuing from the tent. The travellers from Palestine were Aaron Aaronson, the noted agricultural expert and Major Sir Ormsby-Gore. We were thus afforded an opportunity to receive much information of interest and importance, concerning conditions in the Holy Land.

---

The railroad journey from Alexandria to Cairo was intensely interesting. We travelled along the banks of the Nile, through a very fertile country under intensive cultivation. We see around us vast fields of cotton, sugar cane and maize. We fly through groves of stately date, palms, olive, fig and sycamore trees; villages of mud that look like prehistoric cliff dwellings; irrigation canals and ditches cutting and intersecting the fields everywhere.

Here we see a pair of oxen yoked to a wheel pumping

the water from the canals or wells into the ditches. There we see a fellow ploughing the field with a camel and crude wooden plough, such as his fathers used several thousand years ago. To our western eye, this is all too fascinating for words. We seem to be leaving our own life behind and plunging into the past, into the age of Pharoah and Phitah.

---

We are quartered in a hotel which is Parisian in its service and cuisine and moorish in its Architecture. In my room I think I am in a European or American hotel and when I descend into the lounge and recline on one of the divans in the midst of Oriental beauty and indolence, Moorish columns, arches and windows, tapestries and carpets and lamps and delicately carved screens, I feel that I am transported on a magic carpet into an eastern palace.

In the evening I have dinner in an enchanting garden, illuminated by dim lanterns, under stately palms, to the accompaniment of a soft, plaintive, seductive, Egyptian melody.

During the day I visited the local Israelite Hospital, consisting of about sixty beds and housed in a very modern structure, situated in the most attractive and exclusive part of the town. This institution is a very recent outgrowth of the new spirit which is pervading and influencing the Jewish Community here, a spirit which is growing more and more national and which can be attributed to the influx of Palestinian elements during the war. There was rather a bitter antagonism at first on the part of the Sephardic Jews who are in the large majority, but this opposition is diminishing and both factions are co-operating more and more in charitable, religious and national work.

I have been spending a few hours driving through the city. On leaving the hotel, we are beset by a crowd of guides, dragomen, beggars and hucksters. All are shouting, gesticulating and are very importunate. They run after us, pulling our arms, plucking at our clothes and each one says "I am your man; I will show you everything; you will be satisfied."

And if you get angry and drive him away with your cane, he smiles at you and says: "Thank you, captain, my name is Hassan, I am your man; don't forget." We jump into the cab and drive off and so we get rid of the pest.

Cairo, like all great cities in the Levant, is a conglomeration of east and west. We see pretentious buildings; brilliant shops, gay busy streets and avenues and refreshing, cool and green parks, prosperous, aristocratic gentlemen and beautiful or beautifully camouflaged women in magnificent equipages and automobiles. We turn a corner, we cross a street or two and we are in the midst of ugly, naked, horrible poverty. The streets are narrow and indescribably filthy, the overhanging balconies almost meet and shut out the sunlight; the air is full of dust, the smell is overpowering and flies are everywhere, thick on the exposed food, thick on the heaps of rotting refuse, thick on the faces and very thickly collected around the diseased eyes of the ragged, almost naked, children.

This is the Levant, a conglomeration of races, nationalities, customs, costumes, modes of life, forms of religion, forms of architecture, beauty and grace, ugliness and deformity, culture and illiteracy, voluptuous wealth and miserable destitution.

---

Early in the morning a little party including myself, guided by a dragoman, drove out in an automobile to see something of ancient Egypt. We sped away from the city with its mingling of fascinating beauty and repulsive ugliness, along the banks of the Nile over a road lined by stately date palms and majestic sycamores. We pass veiled women, half naked, dusky children and white bearded patriarchs in their flowing robes, afoot and on camels and donkeys. We see huge buffaloes splashing in the muddy water with naked children on their backs. We see numerous flocks and herds of sheep and goats and asses with their shepherds and herdsmen, just as in the days when the children of Jacob went down into Egypt from Canaan.

After a drive of several miles we reach the little mud villages of Bedrechein, situated on the site of ancient Memphis, the Queen City of Egypt. Swarms of sickly, bleary-eyed children surround us begging for "backsheesh," veiled women creep out of holes in their mud dwellings and eye us curiously. Our guide brings us some figs and watermelon on which we regale ourselves. A few ruins, two sphinxes and the two colossal statues of Rameses II are all that remain of the grandeur and glory of ancient Memphis.

From here we motor to the border of the Sahara desert which commences very sharply at the fringes of the wonderfully fertile Nile valley. Here we leave our machine and mount on little donkeys which are driven and pushed and pulled and cursed and called all sorts of vile names by Arab boys. We ascend a plateau in the desert and look down upon the long narrow green plain with its fields and forests of palms, and on either side of this verdant strip of land, teeming with life, rise up the grey-brown dead hills and sand dunes of Sahara.

After jogging along for about a half hour on my donkey, whose name is Columbus, evidently because he persists in constantly straying from the beaten path and wandering away on exploring expeditions, we finally dismount near the Sak-karah pyramid at the entrance into an underground passage. Here we descend, accompanied by the inevitable and persistent guides carrying candles, and we pick our way through the underground galleries and chambers which were the tombs of many dynasties and ancient Egyptian Kings. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and vivid representations of the every day life, activities, occupations, customs and ceremonies of old Mizraim.

We also visited and explored another underground system of galleries and chambers, hewn out of solid rock used for the burial of sacred bulls and cats. We see the immense, massive granite sarcophagi which had contained the embalmed mummies of the worshipped animals, coming out

of this labyrinth, we pay our backsheesh, remount our donkeys and return to the automobile. I was very much interested in watching an Arab boy treat a sore on the back of my Columbus. He spat on it several times, massaged it with the palm of his hand, spat on it again and then dusted it with sand. I am told this is a form of surgical treatment quite popular among the natives.

At the edge of the old desert we entered our machine and after a drive along a road lined with magnificent sycamore trees, we arrive at the border of the Libyan desert where on a plateau stand the famous pyramids of Gizehand, the Sphinx. We are immediately surrounded by a swarm of guides and camel drivers. All are pleading, shouting, gesticulating. The only way to keep them at a respectful distance is by a liberal administration of the cane. At last, after an endless chatter in their strange gibberish of Arabic and English, we mount our camels. Slowly and majestically, with an army of Arabs at our heels, our little cavalcade ascends the plateau and we are deposited at the entrance to the great pyramid of Cheops.

This pyramid, as well as the Sphinx, was built about seven thousand years ago by hundreds of thousands of slaves working for thirty years.

We climb up some rude stairs, being hauled and pushed by our obliging guides. We enter the pyramid and climb and crawl for about two hundred and twenty-five feet up a narrow, low, rock-hewn gallery, faintly illuminated by our little wax tapers. We are tired and puffing and perspiring when at last we reach the heart of the pyramid. We find ourselves in a huge chamber containing the sarcophagus of King Cheops. Legend has it that the body of Cheops never reached this resting place, which he had prepared for himself at the cost of thousands of lives and untold slavery and misery. It is said that the people rose up in revolt on his death and buried his body in some obscure and dishonorable grave.

The descent from the king's chamber was ever more thrilling and amusing than the ascent. The floor of the gal-

lery or passage is granite worn as smooth as polished marble in many places. A large part of the descent was accomplished on our backs.

We visited the Sphinx and I gazed at the serene, impassive features, a feeling of awe came over me, a feeling of standing face to face with the riddle of the ages. The creation of a grand civilization and a people of wonderful genius now dead and almost forgotten but for a few ruins and hieroglyphics.

Empires have risen and fallen, Pharoahs and Caesars have ruled in splendor and have been vanquished and overthrown; the children of Israel have toiled as slaves in this land, have left it as freemen, have created a civilization and culture of their own in Canaan; have been scattered and dispersed by the merciless conqueror and now their children are returning to the old land to revive and restore it. And the Sphinx has seen all that and will see infinitely more ages after we are gone and forgotten together with all that seems to us now so vital, so important, so essential—fame, name, power, fortune. Does it matter?

Tell me, O, Sphinx, what is it that really matters?

We mount our camels and ride away while the west is tinted golden and orange and purple with the glow of the setting sun, and the crescent moon floats over King Choep's pyramid.

---

We left Cairo, Egypt, in the early evening of Saturday, August 17th. We lost sight of the green Nile Delta and plunged into the hot, blasting, sandy desert. At midnight we left our train and motored over a bridge across the Suez Canal into the Sinai Peninsula. Rather a different mode of travel from that of my forefathers under Moses.

We entrained again and early Sunday morning we reached Gaza, our first halt in the Holy Land. The country took on a greener and more hopeful aspect as we travelled further unto the fruitful maritime plain of Palestine. On our

left stretched the low, undulating sand dunes, and on our right far across the plain, the rolling pastoral hills of the Shephelah, and beyond these on the distant horizon, the mountains of Judaea.

We reached Ludd late in the afternoon and after a two hours' sojourn in the blistering heat of this tented and sandy city, we drove by motor to Jaffa. The white limestone road leads into the city through fertile fields and beautiful orange groves interspersed with clumps of olive, date and fig trees, a most welcome relief after the endless sandy wastes through which we have passed.

Toward evening we entered Tel Aviv, the renowned Jewish residential quarter of Jaffa.

I retired for the night and from the window of my large, comfortable room, I gazed at the handsome, attractive homes and little gardens of Tel Aviv, bathed in the bright silvery moonlight. The people strolling in the street are conversing in a soft, musical language and the children are singing and playing their games in the same sacred, classic tongue, which has here become again revived, and living.

I am utterly exhausted and fall into a deep, refreshing slumber, which ends with the rising sun sending its shafts through the window into my room.

---

I have paced Tel Aviv from its boundary at the edge of the Yemenite settlement to the blue Mediterranean. The houses are large, spacious, substantial buildings of stone with red tiled roofs and broad verandas and neat little gardens surrounding them. There is an air of comfort and care and affection about the entire colony.

What a contrast between this and the adjoining Yemenite quarter, where misery stalks about, gaunt and ghastly, and poverty and disease hold undisputed sway. Perhaps you would like to visit one of the homes of these brethren of ours. In one of the crooked, foul smelling alleys, we make our call and find ourselves in a low-ceilinged room, black with filth

and smoke. Some rags on the floor, two rickety chairs, a table on which several armies of flies are warring over a few dry crumbs, a broken bedstead covered with a soiled quilt—these are the furnishings in this dwelling which is sheltering a family of six. A little shed in the yard, containing a charcoal brazier and a few sticks of wood, does service as a kitchen and completes the picture of this elaborate domicile.

We visit some of the schools and kindergartens in this and the adjacent Ashkenazi districts. The children are pale, puny, undeveloped and undernourished. Many of them are covered with sores and eruptions and the majority of them are afflicted with Trachoma and various other eye inflammations. A great deal is being done to improve conditions, especially by the teachers and workers in the schools and institutions, but the widely prevalent ignorance and negligence are very serious difficulties and the bitter poverty offers an almost insurmountable obstacle.

---

During the evening we were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. T— in their beautiful home, where we were greeted by the elite of Tel Aviv. Among those present were many whose names are household words throughout the world wherever the development of the new Jewish Palestinian settlement is followed with keen and sympathetic interest. They all conversed in Hebrew, with the fluency and pliability of a mother tongue; many were quite at home in English, French and Russian. But Yiddish was tabooed and spoken only in the utmost extremity. It seems to be a matter of principle here and is due to the fear that with the influx of a large Jewish population, Yiddish, unless checked and discouraged, might exert an undermining influence on the growing Hebrew language and culture.

The rooms of this model Tel Aviv home are immensely large, painted white, with square pillars supporting a high arched ceiling. The floors are of colored tile and the entire effect is cool, comfortable and refreshing. Casement windows



reaching almost to the ceiling, open out on balconies whence we gaze with awe and admiration at the star-studded moonlit sky of Palestine.

Refreshments in the form of cakes, cool drinks and ice cream are served by dark-skinned, black-eyed Yemenite maidens. The party breaks up at midnight and I stroll down toward the edge of the sea where I watch the lapping of the waves on the silver-white sand and think of all that has transpired.

---

We are ascending the mountains of Judaea on our way to Jerusalem. Two locomotives puffing and snorting are pulling and pushing us up the plateau. Our train is speeding through narrow gorges cut into the solid rock and winding like a long thin serpent around the mountains. The verdure and fertility of the plain has given way to brown, bare, barren hills with the outcropping limestone rocks looking like dead and bleached bones. Wherever there is any soil on the hill-sides, a little crude cultivation yields a bountiful return. Here and there a clump of trees or a vineyard stands out like a green oasis in the stony waste produced by centuries of neglect and by deforestation. The terraces running up to the very tops of the mountains bear testimony to the intensive cultivation of the country by our forefathers. Even now as our train crosses a valley, we catch a glimpse of natives threshing and winnowing their corn, just as the Canaanites did in the days of Abraham. The threshing is done by yokes of oxen and asses being driven around and around on an immense stone floor covered with corn. The winnowing is accomplished by the Arab tossing the corn up into the air with a huge pitchfork and letting the wind separate the grain from the chaff.

The panorama becomes more grand and picturesque as we travel along a deep wady between mountains towering on either side. We catch now and then a glimpse of caves in the rocks, many of which, no doubt, have sheltered mighty and renowned men in the history of Israel.

Late in the afternoon we halt at the railroad terminus just outside of the Holy City. Slowly and wearily I climb the hot and dusty road up the hill leading to the Jaffa Gate. To the right of me stretches the Mount of Olives with a little square stone building at its summit, marking the site of the future Hebrew University. Before me are the walls and towers of Jerusalem, overlooking the Valley of Jeoshaphat. Millions of devout pilgrims have trodden this road and have gazed with affection, with awe and devotion at this scene. I, too, have reached the goal of my pilgrimage, but the aim of my mission is still to be accomplished.

---

Though we are in Jerusalem but a short time we have already gripped hold of the work with zest and zeal. Our nurses and doctors are becoming frequent and welcome visitors in the haunts of sickness and suffering. It is a weary, uphill labor—to help these poor and wretched people who have no food, no water, no linen, no air, no sunshine. In the street in front of our hotel and in the hallway, there are always groups of men and women and boys and girls clamoring for physicians to be sent to their homes or pleading for employment, for any sort of work or occupation. It is a pitiful thing—this idleness and unemployment here. It is a dangerous thing, full of peril for the moral and physical well being of the community. It has already borne bitter fruit.

The want and poverty is indescribable and the cost of food and other necessities of life has multiplied manyfold. Most of the people live on black bread and tea and some vegetables. Even fruit is very scarce and meat is well nigh unobtainable. In short, if I were to sum up my impression of the great mass of the population of Jerusalem, it would be in these words—Poverty, disease, idleness, pauperization.

My friend X—, a prominent physician here, related to me his experiences during the evacuation of Jerusalem and Judaea by the Turks. One day he was arrested on the street by a gendarme, taken to jail and there incarcerated without a word

of explanation. This treatment was similarly meted out to hundreds of other well known Jewish members of the community, particularly those suspected of being affiliated with Zionist activity. A few days after his arrest he was escorted out of the town by an armed guard in the midst of a large band of prisoners who, together with thousands of refugees, were driven north in the wake of the retreating Turkish Army. They walked for hours and hours, without food or drink in the burning sun, frequently being beaten and prodded by their captors. They finally reached Kephra Saba, a tiny hamlet near Petach Tikvah, situated just behind the Turkish lines. Hordes of refugees were concentrated in this village, many of them in tents and barracks and most of them without any shelter from the scorching sun and blinding sand of the day or the clammy chill of the night. Typhus and meningitis raged and killed off hundreds already debilitated by want and fatigue. The filth and misery baffled description; vermin covered everything and everybody; men and women tottered around like ghastly effigies, and little children succumbed without exception.

And while in the grip of all these horrors, they heard that Jerusalem had been entered by the British troops and that a Jewish commission was participating in the government of the Holy City. Many and diabolical were the cruelties and indignities perpetrated on the unfortunate Jews by the Turks during the last days of their regime.

One day the Chief of Police took it into his head to arrest one hundred and twenty young men, sons of the best families in the city. These wholesale arrests were made at the instigation of a notorious informer and on a prescription list prepared by him. The victims were driven out like cattle and after marching continuously for many hours they were all packed into a cattle car without a drop of water or a crumb of food. For two days and nights, they remained in this travelling dungeon, during which time several of the wretched unfortunates succumbed, and the living and the dead were mingled

in one horrible, foul smelling heap. Of these hundred and twenty young men who were thus driven out of Jerusalem only sixty reached the prison at Damascus. The other sixty died and were dumped into their graves at various stations on the way. When Djemal Pascha, the arch tyrant, was told of the hunger and misery of the people, he remarked: "There is sufficient bichloride of mercury in the drug shops for all of them."

---

At 5 in the afternoon I start on a trip to Jaffa on some urgent matters connected with the work of our Medical Unit. As I could not secure an automobile, I was finally obliged to avail myself of a rickety, dilapidated carriage, pulled by three jaded horses harnessed abreast. My driver was an old grizzled patriarch, who swore by his beard and earlocks that we would reach Jaffa in seven hours. We jogged along over a rough dusty road, winding around mountains and valleys, stony and rugged with here and there, patches of cultivation, agreeable and refreshing to the eye, past Arab mud villages and ruins. We passed a tower of stones with a roof of branches and twigs, offering shelter to the watchman in the night.

We reached the summit of a mountain just as the sun is sinking behind a range of hills, painting the horizon all the colors and tints of a crystal gem. The stars appear as the twilight dies away and the moon silvers the road and the limestone crags. Another hour of climbing uphill, galloping on the level stretches, tugging on the reins and pressing hard on the brakes on the down stretches and finally we pull up at a little Inn of mud and stone called "Bab-El-Wad."

We alight in front of this hut, which consists of a large room for the weary wayfarer and an adjoining shed for camel, horse and donkey. The Inn is crowded, and as I peer through the doorway, I see men and women and children, mostly Arabs and Fellachs, squatting on the ground, while a few are seated around a log table, eating, drinking and chattering.

The host places some chairs for us in front of the hut and here we partake of a good wholesome supper of black bread, hard boiled eggs and goat's cheese, and wash it all down with copious drafts of tea from a Russian samovar.

Near me on the ground, I observe several bundles of rags and old clothes. I am very much astounded when I find them endowed with life and movement and discover that I am in the midst of a Yemenite family, spending the night under the shelter of the starry sky while on the way to Jerusalem. They are pilgrims from the southernmost extremity of Arabia, returning to the land of their forefathers, from which they departed before the destruction of the Temple. The father, a swarthy, black-bearded man, with long earlocks, is stretched out at full length, fast asleep. The mother, a prematurely aged and amaciated little woman, is nursing a baby at the breast, and three other tots in tatters and patches toddle over to us and eagerly seize the scraps of food held out to them.

As my eyes become accustomed to the darkness, I see a tall white figure pacing up and down in front of the hut—a Bedouin Sheikh, a child of the desert, restless and impatient to be off to his tents beyond the Jordan—a weird, picturesque figure in his flowing robes and turban. Ever and anon he goes into the shed and I hear the neighing of a steed and the soft, caressing tones of the master.

We awaken our driver, who has dozed off, remount our rickety carriage and proceed on our way. We are rolling along at quite a lively pace when we are suddenly halted by a horseman, looming out of the darkness. He scrutinizes us for a moment, salutes and orders us to keep close to the side of the road. We have fallen in with an army on the march, an endless stream of horsemen and footmen, Australians, big, manly fellows, riding like centaurs in the night, turbaned Indians, tall, wiry, black-bearded Sikh warriors, riding and marching over the road and through the land trodden by the dauntless fighters of David, by the heroic bands of the Macabees, by the legions of Greece and Rome, by the hosts of

Saracens and Crusaders—the followers of the Crescent and the Cross.

After a long and toilsome, but unforgettable journey, we drive into Jaffa at 2 in the morning.

---

I left Jaffa in the afternoon by way of the Narrow Gage Road and arrived in Ludd just in time to see my train for Jerusalem pulling away from the station. I was hardly consoled by the stationmaster's information that the next train would leave the following morning.

Ludd is a city of tents and barracks, sand flies, mosquitos, malaria and sand fever. I walked out to the main road leading from Jaffa, hoping that I might find some means of conveyance to my destination. As if in answer to my prayer I spied an automobile, in which sat a distinguished looking officer. A young aide was giving instructions to some officers and soldiers grouped about the machine. I approached and related my tale of woe, whereupon the distinguished gentleman most courteously invited me into the seat beside him. We drove off rapidly and during the course of a very interesting and pleasant conversation, I found that my companion was none other than General R, the famous commander of the 60th Artillery. The general expressed himself quite frankly about the Jews of the older Palestine settlement, particularly those in Jerusalem, many of whom subsisted on charity, but he was very enthusiastic about the newer elements in the Colonies.

We bade farewell to each other at Ramleh, but not before he had instructed the chauffeur to drive me to Jerusalem and take me to my hotel.

Several miles beyond Ramleh we noticed an immense touring car approaching at full speed. "There comes the Chief," said my chauffeur, and the next moment I beheld General Allenby, whose armies had wrested Jerusalem and Judaea from the accursed Turks. He bowed and smiled as we passed

each other, and that is the history of my first meeting with General Allenby.

---

Visited the "Wailing Wall," a ruin which evokes in all Jewish hearts sorrow for the tragedy of the past and hope and prayer for the future. Jews in their long shining gabardines and fur-lined "shtreimlich" are swaying and playing in lingering tones in the shade of the great hoary stones. One woman lies prone on the ground weeping and kissing the cold granite. It is the sort of grief which one sees at the sick bed and at the coffin. I speak to her and find that her child, her only little girl, her beloved Shoshannah, is dying. The doctors have given her up and she has come here to this holy spot that her prayers may ascend to heaven and perhaps alter the fatal decree.

A few officers approach and gaze cynically at the picture which has touched my heart and tightened my throat in a painful grip. I turn and stride hastily away through the narrow street, followed by women and children stretching out their emaciated, bony hands for "Backsheesh."

---

In the evening the members of our Unit attended a session of the Jewish Medical Society of Jerusalem, having a membership at present of twelve.

Dr. E— of the Z. C. delivered a lecture on the Psycho-neuroses of the War. The address was made in a pseudo-German, as Dr. E— speaks German very poorly, and English would not have been understood by all.

The interesting feature of the evening was that after two hours of listening to Dr. E—'s droning voice, we spent an exciting hour listening to the same address, which had been rapidly and accurately translated into Hebrew by one of the local doctors.

Tea biscuits and a friendly conversation, carried on in a polyglot of Yiddish, Hebrew and English helped to while away the tedium of this process.

What a Babel of races and sects this poor land is. I wonder if it can ever become the exclusive home of one people and one language. Everywhere are spots and places sacred to various religions and to hearts in every corner of the world. Here is the Holy Sepulchre, the tomb of the founder of Christianity. There is the Mosque of Omar, like the creation of a fairy's wand, so delicate and enchanting is its beauty, next to Mecca, the most sacred spot on earth to the Moslem; built on the site of our Holy Temple.

There are hundreds of other shrines of lesser sanctity, but not one people can say "these are my heritages;" for they are worshipped by all, and the blood of many races and creeds has trickled down its mountain sides and mingled with its soil.

Under a British mandate, carried out in conformity with the spirit of the Balfour declaration, we Jews shall possess all the opportunities for self government and self expression through our Hebrew culture. We shall enjoy the privileges of self government without the burden and peril of being held responsible by the world for Mohammedan and Christian shrines and sanctuaries.

However, let us not forget that we now number but 15% of the total population. We must encourage the immigration of select and fitting elements of our people. We must create and foster agricultural and industrial pursuits. We must combat and destroy the present degradation and pauperization of the mass of Jews residing in the large cities. The eyes of the world are focussed on Palestine, and the searchlight of Public opinion is concentrated on the Jews in Palestine. The bright side of the new settlement is overshadowed by the physical and moral rottenness of the old "Hallukahs."

It devolves upon us, more than ever, to purge Palestine of the pernicious and degrading "Hallukah;" to replace it by industrial and agricultural pursuits, so that the world shall not point its finger of scorn at us for what we have promised to do and what we have failed to accomplish.



This afternoon in the Beth Ha-Am, (the house of the people) I participated in a reception and welcome given to a group of about three hundred Judaeans who are stationed in a camp near Jerusalem and who are on furlough to spend the high holidays in the city. Representation of all classes of Palestine Jewry were present. Young men with white suits, with wide shirt collars and flowing ties; looking very Bohemian and ultra-radical, girls and young women with hair cut short or pleated in long braids hanging down their backs, all very highly educated and all talking fluently and rapidly in Hebrew.

Side by side with these are long-bearded Jews, with the classical orthodox earlocks and streimlich and caftans. The Hebrew language and the hope in Zion fuses all these diverse elements into one people.

From the Beth Ha-Am I go off on a visit to the wailing Wall. You enter the city through the Jaffa Gate. You walk by way of the Bazaar quarter through narrow filthy quarters, over slimy pavements, a Gothic arched roof covers the street and almost completely occludes the sunlight, except for a hole here and there, through which a few straggling sunbeams stream in.

Out of the Bazaars, into the Jew's street, a few more windings and turnings, along buildings that seem to be the ruins of former human habitations, though voices and odors emanating from holes that do service as doors and windows, inform you that men and women and children still seek shelter here, you reach a blind alley. You turn into a passage on the left and you stand before the temple wall, on the other side of which is the temple enclosure and the Mosque of Omar.

The narrow passageway alongside the wall is filled with women and men; the women at one end, wailing and sobbing over their prayer books, the men at the other end, swaying to and fro, swaying and reciting.

It is the eve of the Sabbath and the eve of the New Year.

And looking back on the year that is just expiring, a time of trial and tribulation, of hardship and suffering and pestilence and bloodshed, and death stalking through the land, taking his toll of the dearest and the best—a year full of the horrors of war:—starvation and disease unparalleled in any time or land, with thousands decimated, driven into exile or forced into a more hellish slavery—it is no wonder that there is a wailing and sobbing, that comes of broken hearts and spirits bowed in despair.

From the Wall, we visited the Chorbah Synagogue; so called because according to legend, it is built on the chorbah or ruin of the home of Reb Jahuda, the Prince of the Exile. It is a beautiful old synagogue with a magnificent Oren-ha-Kodesh which is a marvel of artistic design and workmanship. The scrolls of the law are wrapped in mantles of velvet, and silk and fine spun gold, and adorned with massive crowns of ingeniously wrought silver.

---

We are passing through a violent epidemic of pneumonia, affecting particularly young children. These tots, debilitated by malaria and undernourishment fall easy victims to the added infection, and they die like flies. The prevalence of malarial fever among the population of Jerusalem is appalling. It is an extreme rarity to find anyone who has lived here for any length of time and is free from the disease. Among my staff of six local Hadassah sisters, everyone is a chronic quinine eater, and not a week passes but one or another is laid up with chills and fever. A scientific and painstaking examination of school children has elicited the fact that sixty per cent have large spleens and malarial parasites in the blood. The next generation is growing up puny, anaemic and sickly. What future is there for this people and this land?

Someone has undertaken to show that the decline and fall of Rome was in great part due to and accelerated by the spread of malaria, sapping the race of its vitality and stamina. Be that as it may, the fact remains that a healthy material and

spiritual culture is impossible under conditions and in a land where so large a percentage of the inhabitants are trachomatous and malaria.

The climate and soil are excellent in the main and with proper drainage, sewage disposal, sanitary supervision, installation of water systems and hygienic education of the masses, the country can be made healthful, productive and happy.

The greatest blessing that can be conferred upon this land, next to making it healthful, is to direct and assist its people toward useful and productive occupations, to become self-sustaining, self-supporting and self-respecting.

Where religion is being prostituted for the purpose of securing alms, social prostitution is an easy and natural consequence.

There is a small village in the northern part of Palestine, whose inhabitants are pure Hebrews, direct descendants of Jews who have lived in this secluded spot before the fall of the Temple. They are in a very low and degraded state and but for a few old scrolls, not a vestige of Hebrew culture is to be found among them.

A similar pitiable state of affairs exists among the remnant of the Samaritans and the Sephardic Jews who have settled in Palestine about two centuries ago and are on a spiritual plane, not much higher than the native Arabs.

This is an indication of the blighting and degenerating influence of disease, poverty and inefficient government. We must have a just, civilized and autonomous form of government, but we must also have what is equally essential—an environment made healthful and a land made productive.

This afternoon I climbed to the top of the Russian tower, situated in the midst of a green and pleasant garden, on the Mount of Olives. What a wonderful panorama unfolds itself before me as I stand under the great bronze bell and look out at Judaea stretched at my feet.

Far below is the valley of Kedron and beyond is Mount

Zion and Mount Moriah with the golden Gate walled up by the superstitious Mussulman to prevent the entrance of the Jewish Messiah. The Mosque of Omar and the minarets and cupolas of Jerusalem look enchantingly beautiful in the glow of the setting sun.

I turn my eyes further east and behold the deep cleft in the land and the blue streak which is the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea. And on the other side, towering into the heavens, are the grey mountains of Moab.

I stood on Mount Zion and when I looked over what seemed to be a precipice, I found that I was actually on top of the city wall overlooking the valley of Kedron. A mountain of dirt and rubbish sixty feet high had accumulated and practically buried the inner side of the wall, leaving only the parapet uninterred.

The view from this point is vast and magnificent; the hills and valleys lying at our feet like a map in relief.

We clamber down a narrow stony path into the valley of Kedron. Many patches and terraces have been cleared of stones and debris and are cultivated for vegetables and garden products for the Fellahin.

The women do most of the work while the lord and master frequently sits in front of his hut of stone and thatch, smoking his pipe, or offers his services as guide to the wayfarer for backsheesh.

Water is brought up from the spring at the bottom of the valley in earthen jars and big petroleum tin cans carried on the head by the women and children.

Each little patch of green is carefully watered and painstakingly tended; but the soil is kind and yields a generous reward for the sweat of the brow. We visit the excavations, conducted under the patronage of Baron Rothschild. The work has been discontinued during the war, though a great deal had already been accomplished.

The foundations of David's Tower and of the old city Wall are now to be seen; also stair-case remnants of columns,

ancient cisterns, baths and caves used for burial purposes.

Many human skulls and other remains were found in some of the rocky caverns indicating that a large number of corpses had been interred together, probably after a battle, perhaps previous to the fall of the first temple. Clambering and leaping still further down, over stones and boulders we reach the bottom of Kedron vale and there in an open chamber, hewn out of the solid rock, we descended a staircase, leading into a tunnel in which the spring of Siloam bubbles up and flows out every few minutes. During the rainy season the water rises very high in this rock enclosed chamber which dates to the time of King Hezekiah. The tunnel in which the blessed waters of the spring flow, had been built by the king to conduct the water to his palace garden within the city walls.

In this rocky tunnel there has been found a stone, bearing an inscription in Hebrew, marking the spot where two gangs of workmen digging from opposite directions, met and completed their task.

Leaving this interesting relic of hoary antiquity, we wander about among the slabs of rock, marking the thousands of century old graves on the Mount of Olives, past the tombs of the Prophet Zechariah and of Absalom, the architecture of which resembles the Egyptian tintured with a trace of the Hellenic. And then we strike the main road enveloped in clouds of white powdery limestone dust, raised by the heavy motor army trucks and lorries. Before returning to our quarters, we tarry on the way to pay our respects to Mary's tomb.

This is an ancient rock-hewn sepulchre of the type so common here, over which a church has been erected, evidently at the time of the crusaders.

You enter through a quaint doorway, protected by immense iron gates. You descend by a long wide stair-case into a huge, dim subterranean chamber, roofed with Gothic arches. Numerous lamps of all metals, shapes and designs are suspended from the ceiling. These are the gifts of the various

Christian churches and denominations who apportion among themselves, not infrequently with bitter feuds and quarrels, the sacred relics and sanctuaries.

A black-bearded, long-haired, dark-robed Armenian monk presents us each with a lighted wax taper, and escorts us through the church, showing us the tomb of Joseph the Carpenter, and then leading us through a low and narrow aperture into a cell hewn out of the rock, containing a stone sarcophagus said to be the grave of Mary the mother of Jesus.

By the dim and spluttering light of our candles, we scrutinize some very old and crude paintings of saints and evangelists. And we were particularly interested in some very fine representations of sacred episodes wrought in pure gold and silver.

We leave a few coins with our profusive and effusive monk, and emerge into the sunlight from the depths of the dim and sinister middle ages.

---

During the evening I received an urgent call to visit one of my little patients in the Hadassah hospital. It was a moonless night, and on the road I stumbled into many groups of soldiers and girls from the Meah Shearim quarter. Their ribald talk and their harsh laughter, in the shadow of sacred ruins and under the divine starlit Palestinian sky, grated on my heart and filled me with bitterness and disgust. Further along down the road, I barely missed colliding with a group of men with flowing corkscrew earlocks and long black caftans, walking slowly with their hands behind their backs, gravely and ponderously discussing some knotty Talmudic problems, referring to some man gored by some ox, both long dead and mingled with the dust.

On my return from the sick-bed, I was thrust off the roadway by a gang of drunken men in soldier's uniforms, singing hilariously

"We're here today and we're gone tomorrow,  
So let's have a good time, boys."

Visited Mount Scopus (Mount of Olives) and the site of the Hebrew University. During the drive we passed through camps of British and Indian troops.

Hard by the road there stands a little old stone house and as we drove by I caught a glimpse of a man with the familiar long, curly earlocks and fuzzy beard, a talith Kotten (a fringed garment) covering his chest and a soiled white skull cap on his head. He was standing in front of the doorway, arranging some fruit and other wares on a little stand. Around the corner of the house, under an olive tree, a with two soldiers.

Quite an interesting picture, that, on the road up the mountain, with the City of Jerusalem spread out below us and the hills of Judaea rolling away wild and rugged to the ravine of the Jordan valley and the towering heights of Moab beyond. And yet that brief glimpse chilled and saddened me, for it recalled to my mind disgusting, malodorous stories that are being retailed about from mouth to mouth—tales of clandestine wine selling to soldiers in native homes with girls and little children as pullers-in.

---

Passed a very restless night—tormented by mosquitos. These pests make life a burden here. They breed in the cisterns and sewage puddles and infest the land with chills and fever.

One of my pet patients is little Itzchak, five years old and looks like two. Pale, puny, wizened, emaciated and blind—that's Itzchak. Several months ago, when food was even more scarce than now and pestilence in all shapes and forms was raging among the wretched inhabitants, little Itzchak, during an attack of dysentary, acquired also an inflammation of the eyes. Weakened by starvation and illness, his vitality could offer no resistance and the infection went through his eyeballs like wildfire, leaving them shrunken, repulsive and sightless. I am keeping him in the hospital because his

mother is dead, his father is somewhere within the Turkish lines and nobody wants the puny, miserable little waif. Whenever I approach and speak to him, he invariably stretches out his bony, withered little arms and whimpers "I want a piece of bread." Whether by day or by night, whether before or after being fed, the pitiful cry, like the meow of a kitten, is heard from his crib, "I want a piece of bread." Months of inhuman hunger and suffering have branded his little soul with one dominant thought, one passionate desire—bread. Today another idea has filtered into the dwarfed and stunted mind. Several convalescent children were playing around his crib, playing with picture books and blocks, and when I approached I heard his thin and feeble cry. "Do you want some bread, Itzchak?" I asked. "Nein, nein," came the moaning reply. "Do you want some cake?" And again "Nein, nein." "Well, what do you want, little Itzchak?" And the plaintive, piping, wailing voice answered "Ich vill meine eigelech." ("I want my little eyes").

---

A dreadful catastrophe was barely averted today when the nurse in my clinic rushed up to me and seized the pen poised in my hand on the verge of writing a prescription for a patient. Thus, miraculously was I saved from committing a heinous desecration of the Sabbath, which most assuredly would have resulted in utter calamity for myself, for my patient and for all Israel.

---

This was the Day of Atonement. Yesterday, Yom Kippur eve, I attended Kol Nidre services at the great Chassidim Synagogue within the old city. It is a beautiful and imposing place of worship and the worshippers in Chassidic garb and stockinged feet, stirred in my soul faint and vague memories of childhood hours spent in the Chassidic Synagogue in the little Russian town of my birth. They pray loudly, and they pray long and intensely, swaying their bodies back and forth



and vibrating with emotion, as they tearfully bring their pleas before the throne of the Creator.

The hanging lamps and the candles and burning wicks dipped in oil make the dimness of the place more striking and the white robed, swaying figures unearthly and uncanny. An old and grey-bearded Chazan with a pleasant and musical voice led in the services and six young men, frequently assisted by the congregation, formed the choir.

I shall never forget this Kol Nidre night in the Holy City. My heart was deeply touched by the solemnity and sincerity written on the furrowed and care-lined faces around me. Trouble and sorrow and want and misery have touched them all. Fate has not dealt kindly with them nor their fellowmen wisely or with genuine love and foresight. As my gaze wandered about the quaint and crude paintings on the wall it rested on a partition of delicately-carved trellis-work high up over the entrance, opposite the Oren-ha-Kodesh. The lattice indicated the women's gallery where the fair and gentle worshippers were quite safe and secure from masculine view. Here they were placed, where there could be no peril of distracting and diverting the minds of their lords and masters from the straight and even tenor of their devotions, yet near enough for their voices to blend and swell with those below into a torrent of sound, a mighty chant rose to heaven, to plead for mercy and forgiveness.

I spent the Day of Atonement visiting the places of worship of the various Jewish sects here. My guide and escort was Dr. F— and wherever we came we were received most courteously and offered prayerbook and talith, which we accepted for a few minutes and so availed ourselves of the opportunity to participate in the services of Karaite, Yemenite, Ashkenasi and Sephardi.

The Karaite Synagogue is a curious underground chamber reached by a long flight of steep stone stairs. The architecture of the walls and ceilings indicates a history extending back to the Middle Ages. It seems to have been intended

and used as a place of refuge from riot and persecution, as well as a house of prayer. The floors are covered with beautiful and artistic oriental rugs and the stone walls are bedecked with hangings and tapestries. The reader or Chazan is kneeling on the ground wrapped in his silken finely embroidered talith and the rest of the congregation, a scant minyan are squatted on rugs and small pillows around him. The women are in an adjoining chamber, out of sight, though not out of sound.

The Karaites in Jerusalem are becoming fewer and fewer and now number not more than two hundred souls. They are drifting away from Judaism, are not on very friendly terms with their Jewish brethren and seem to offer a favorable and receptive soil for the work of the missionaries.

The Sepharadic Jews worship in a subterranean group of cells said to be constructed on the site of the Synagogue of Rabbi Jochana Ben Zacchia which stood here before the destruction of the Temple. The devotees are sitting and reclining on benches ranged around the walls droning out their prayers in a sing-song monotonous chant. This congregation has been located here for about three centuries, during which time they have managed admirably to descend to the level of Arab ignorance, indolence and indifference. Physically they are more scrupulous about the cleanliness of their persons and homes than the Ashkenazians.

We left the inner city and went outside of the wall to visit a Yemenite Synagogue in the Meah Shearim district. This consists of a very poor and humble building in a narrow alley. The stone floor is covered with rugs and straw matting, upon which the worshippers sit and squat in their stockinged feet. The dark, finely chiselled faces form an interesting and memorable picture. Lines of toil and care and illness are graven deep; trachoma, malaria and tuberculosis are striking seriously at the life and vitality of these simple, honest and hard working folk, coming from the extreme south of the

Arabian desert to await the advent of the Messiah in the land of their Fathers.

---

Before the war, moonlight excursions to the summit of the Mount of Olives on foot, on horseback and on donkey back were the common social diversions. The groups of people were congenial men and women, youths and maidens of culture, refinement and idealism. The moonlit night, the vast starry sky and the picturesque historic land beneath, all lent itself to song and romance. Now nearly all these folk are gone. Many of the young men have enlisted. Many have been conscripted by the Turk. Pestilence, hunger and exile have carried off the greatest number and those who are left behind are worn and exhausted, yet full of hope and confidence that a better and happier time is nigh for the land and the people.

From the Mount of Olives at the site of the future Hebrew University and on the spot where the Roman legions were encamped we look eastward and see a bright long strip lying between two gigantic walls of mountains. The Jordan River and the Dead Sea are twenty-five miles distant but we behold them distinctly and clearly bathed in the silver light. We turn our gaze westward, and the Eternal Holy City is at our feet, and sharply against the blue-black, star-studded firmament stand out the domes of the mosques and the towers and spires of the churches and convents, white and ghostly and ominous.

In stone and marble, in gold and silver have the creeds of mankind wrought themselves temples here in the midst of the most degraded poverty, the most repulsive misery, the darkest and deepest ignorance and superstition. What temple shall Israel fashion and erect? The cleaning, fructifying and restoring of the land its fields and groves, its villages, towns and cities. The healing and enlightening of the people—that shall be the Temple, Israel shall build for himself here—higher, vaster, nobler, more enduring than towers and domes, than spires and minarets.

There are more than three thousand Jewish orphans in Jerusalem. Many of these waifs have been found wandering about the streets, half-naked, half-starved and homeless. Vice and crime were stretching out their gaunt claws to grasp and pluck them. Illness and deprivation were decimating them. The question was then asked, what shall we do with these unfortunates? And the powers in control of the funds decided to place the great majority of the orphans in private homes, preferably with relations and kindred. During the last few days I have availed myself of an opportunity to visit and investigate some of these homes. If you take the filthiest and most impoverished tenement in New York as a standard of comparison, you will say that the cellars and hovels and dens wherein these orphans here are housed are the very depths of hell.

In my tour, I visited a group of Sephardic houses in the suburbs, reached after a long walk through devious streets and open spaces covered with rubbish and garbage. The hovels are of stone and scraps of tin. We climbed a narrow, broken staircase and peered into a small, dark room, from which groans and moans were emerging. The floor was covered with rags and bedding, on which was stretched an emaciated, sunken-eyed man, quaking and shaking in a violent chill. Sitting beside him, swaying and moaning, is a dishevelled woman with an infant at her parched and dried-out breast. The stench is abominable, the flies are intolerable and the wonder is that these three wretched, sickly human beings are able to exist at all. We grope our way up another flight of the rickety staircase and there in a little den, which would feel flattered to be called a dog kennel, we find an old hag of a grandmother and two puny orphans, on whose support and bringing-up, philanthropy is lavishing the munificent sum of one pound per month.

In a short time the news of our arrival had spread throughout the quarter and we were soon surrounded by a swarm of old men, women and children, halt and lame, blind

and feeble, decrepit and half-famished. They begged for medicine; they begged for bread and they begged for back-sheesh, and what little we had with us, we gave them, promising to send medicine and food.

After a few tours of this sort, I have come to the conviction that the only salvation for these many hundreds of little orphans, who are bound to play a not insignificant role in the life and destiny of the city, is to remove them from the misery and degradation of these "homes" and this environment, to place them in institutions where their moral and physical well-being can be carefully fostered and safeguarded. What a wonderful opportunity offers itself here for some wealthy American Jews.

---

We celebrated the first day of Succoth here in Jerusalem in a Succah created in the courtyard of our home in the Hotel La France. We sat around a table eating of the fruits and drinking of the wine of Palestine under a canopy of palm branches and fig and olive leaves. From this green ceiling are suspended figs, pomegranates and clusters of grapes and the walls of our bower are adorned with rugs and pieces of carpet and needlework, bedecked with ingeniously colored paper and crude pictures depicting Biblical incidents and Palestine scenes.

---

Among the Judaeans serving in the battalion stationed in Jerusalem there has been discovered a violin virtuoso. This evening I had the pleasure of hearing him play at a soiree arranged for him at the home of Mrs. X—. The home is spacious and comfortable, looking out upon a large open space dividing it from the imposing group of Russian churches, convents and hospitals. Some day this vacant, stone covered lot will be transformed into a little park, a green oasis from the edge of which one can look out over the valley of Jeoshaphat and the mountains of Judaea, making a magnificent and unforgettable panorama.

The young soldier played divinely, a number of classic and familiar airs, melodies which transported me far away to my little home where I have so often enjoyed them in the midst of my beloved family and my dear friends.

And what made the evening an especially happy and memorable occasion was the news that the Turk was fleeing before the victorious Briton—that Nablus and Nazareth had been captured, that Haifa was closely invested and about to yield and that nearly all the Jewish colonies were redeemed from the yoke of Ottoman bondage.

The company present consist of what remains of the Jewish intelligencia of Jerusalem, a little band of ardent pioneers, who are planting the seeds of artistic and intellectual growth in this hungry and denuded land. The gathering is graced by the presence of the military ruler, Governor Storrs, and a group of attachés.

---

Every hour brings more joyful tidings of victories in Samaria, in Galilee and beyond the Jordan. The British advance seems irresistible and the Turk is yielding by the tens of thousands or flying like chaff before the wind. Our own beloved Colonies have been redeemed and hundreds of families who have been torn and rent asunder are rejoicing in reunion. Hosts of refugees are pouring into Jaffa and Jerusalem from the evacuated territories. They are received with open arms and provided with whatever food and shelter can be obtained. How have they suffered during the last months when the Turk revealed himself to them in all his repulsive barbarism! Pestilence, hunger, cruelty and oppression have been their lot and now, to be free and safe once again! You, under the security of the American Eagle, just picture to yourselves what it means.

Jerusalem has closed its schools and shops, has discontinued all its daily tasks and is out on the streets celebrating. People embrace each other and with glistening eyes and uplifted hands utter their thanks to the Almighty.

"Haifa is ours, beautiful Haifa! Yes, and Tiberias too, and Galilee."

There is a procession passing with violin and drum and fife and guitar, a multitude of people—dark and swarthy Yemenites, Jews from Bokhara, from Persia, from the Caucasus, Jews from Poland and Galicia, Chassidim in furred shtreimlich and long shiny Kaftans, stooping, round-shouldered and sallow faced, with long curly earlocks and flowing tangled beards, venerable Sephardic patriarchs in fezzes and robes and girdles—a great multi-colored host—men and women and children, marching and dancing and singing. My heart is full and my hopes soar high for I see the stirring of the dead bones.

Here come the Yemenites, dancing and chatting around a fiddler, grinding out a plaintive Oriental melody. And close on their heels follow the Sephardi several of them carrying on their shoulders their white-bearded, saintly looking Chacham.

And now behold our Maccabeans on horesback, vigorous, robust youths and young men with keen look and manly poise, clothed in blue and white uniforms and proudly waving aloft the blue and white flag of the old-new Jewish nation.

I am borne along in the throng into the courtyard of the Governor's Palace. His Excellency appears on the balcony and a solemn silence rests over the assembly, as the military ruler of Jerusalem in a few sentences, spoken in pure Hebrew, expresses his hope that the goal of our dreams and prayers shall soon be attained.

---

Friday, September 27, 1919—Saw raindrops for the first time since I am in Palestine. It was a brief midday shower from one solitary milk-white, fleecy cloud in a sunny blue sky, and the dry parched earth drank up the refreshing moisture, greedily.

---

Gangs of prisoners are being brought into Jerusalem;—

Turks, dispirited, ragged and starved out, and a few tall, stolid, apparently well-fed Germans, staring back at the populace with a haughty and unsubdued mien. There is a shifting of troops as a result of the tremendous advance. Many Australian regiments have departed and Sikh troops coming back from the campaign in the north, are overrunning the city.

It is an intensely interesting spectacle to watch these tall, dark men with their silky black beards and finely cut features majestically parading about the streets. As a striking contrast we observe a force of Egyptian laborers marching by singing their weird, monotonous chants. They hurry along like a herd of cattle, goaded on by shouting overseers, each one armed with an ugly and formidable cowhide whip, which he does not hesitate to use very freely and frequently on his men. As I watched them shuffling by barefooted on the rough, stony road, carrying their heavy packs, I could fancy their forefathers dragging the heavy granite blocks over the roads of ancient Egypt for the building of the Royal Pyramids.

---

It is Simhath Torah today and I celebrated the holiday with a visit to an orphanage, conducted by a certain Madame. The children are clean, well behaved and happy. They obey every look and word of their "mother," as they call the directress of the asylum. There is a deep affection between them and an eagerness on the part of the children to help. They wait at table, assist in keeping the large, roomy house clean and tidy and take care of their snowy white little beds in the dormitories. When visitors come on holiday occasions, the children do the entertaining, singing beautiful Hebrew melodies and dancing Palestinian dances. They all converse in excellent Hebrew, and even one little tot of three, whom I addressed in English, commanded me to "Daber beivrit" (speak Hebrew).

---

I have been invited to several homes by local prominent



members of the community, to help celebrate the reunions with members of their families, who have returned from Galilee upon the Turks defeat. I am rather loathe to go as I have just received word that Lieutenant G—, a young Judæan, with whom I formed a brief but intimate friendship while in Egypt, has fallen in battle. And I am thinking of the many other fresh graves on the hills and in the valleys of Samaria and Galilee—graves marked by crude wooden crosses and Mogin Dovids; graves of boys whose homes in Australia, England and America are waiting for good tidings and waiting in vain, for there shall be no happy reunion.

---

In the company of some friends I went into the Bokharan quarter to do some shopping. The Bokharan Jews have formerly been the wealthiest in Jerusalem, but now they are destitute and many of them subsist on the little money derived from the sale of their silks and household furnishings and decorations.

We enter a square courtyard, which had previously been a very attractive garden, but now very much delapidated and forlorn. Into this court open the doors and windows of about a dozen one-story, stone dwellings. We are ushered into one of these and squat on the rug-covered floor, while our hostess, a very stout and rather pleasant-faced Jewess, dressed in a flowery, silk kimona, brings out some material and spreads it out before us. Meanwhile the entire neighborhood has become advised of our visit and purpose and women and girls and old men troop in, each bearing a bundle which is gravely deposited in a circle around us.

The bundles are opened and the contents displayed—shimmering silks of brilliant color and pattern, kimonas and kaftans, and boots of soft leather, covered with beautiful designs. The prices asked are exorbitant, but we have been forewarned and we bid about one-half, and after much clatter and chatter I secure several pieces with which to drape and bedeck the dull, gray walls of my den.

Among the good people who crowded into the room to show us their silks and tapestries and picturesque garments, my friend, who guided us, pointed out one young Persian Jewess, who is but fifteen years old, and who has been a divorcee for the last three years; another, a Bokharan, though but eighteen years of age and looking like thirty, has given birth to four children, of whom but one has survived.

---

This evening I had the refreshing experience of visiting a real home and making friends with a very pleasant and interesting Russian family. Mr. P— is a gentleman who has been in Palestine for more than twenty years, being the representative and administrator here for a very powerful and wealthy Russian organization, supporting numerous schools, hospitals and the magnificent Russian Hospital on the Mount of Olives. He does not speak English and I know nothing of Russian, but by the use of our eyes and shoulders and hands we manage to understand each other quite well, though we frequently have to appeal to my friend V. to help us out of a difficult situation. Madam P— is a very hospitable and refined lady, who still looks young and vivacious notwithstanding her silver white hair. She has a mania for card reading, in which occult science she is quite an adept, and while I was being entertained by M. P—, poor V. was being initiated into the mysteries of a very dismal and tragic future, in which were revealed a blonde man, a tall dark man, a stout lady and a fascinating vampire, all hopelessly entangled.

---

It is a glorious Sabbath afternoon and I have taken to the open road for a long tramp to Mutza, a small Jewish colony, situated about six miles from Jerusalem and about a thousand feet below it. The peace of the holy day is on the highway and on the men and women and children leisurely sauntering along or sitting and chatting by the roadside. There is a glint of bright, vivid color here and there, where a rainbow-hued silk kerchief or a satin and velvet kaf-

tan makes a sharp and refreshing contrast to the dull gray road.

We pass a ruined tower with the impress of the Crusader masons on its hoary and rugged walls. At its foot, a flock of sheep are grazing and a shepherd boy is lying flat on his back in the shade of a tall and gnarled olive tree, like a Sultan taking his afternoon siesta. The sun is descending behind the clouds on the horizon, tinting them scarlet and silver and bronze—such colors as no human artist ever had the imagination to conceive or the audacity to picture. Now the sun has disappeared behind the hilltops and twilight is rapidly enveloping the road and its wayfarers, the little silent villages and huts nestling on the mountain sides and in the valleys deep down.

The evening star shines out brightly and very soon the heavens are studded with the glittering, silver points and night has overtaken us. Lights twinkle mysteriously in the distance like will-o'-the-wisps and from somewhere in the valley a crooning Arabian song ascends to us far up on the road winding around the mountain. The night is moonless, but the pale soft light of the stars guides us kindly on our way until we reach Mutza, where, in the cottage of one of the colonists, we are accorded a hearty welcome and are treated to a royal repast of bread and cheese and curdled milk.

---

While passing one of the military hospitals here, my attention was attracted by an old man whom I had operated on for cataract and a young woman in shawl and kerchief, sitting on the stone stairs, wringing their hands and carrying on a piteous lamentation. On questioning them I found the cause of their trouble to be the following:

The son-in-law of the old man, the husband of the young woman, assisting, or rather leading, in the wailing, had been run down by a military automobile and was in the hospital, apparently dying. "Now, how can we procure from him an ante-mortem divorce, so that the childless young wife shall

not, according to the Jewish 'Chalutza' law, have to marry the husband's younger brother, a worthless scamp in Galicia."

This was the tale of woe unfolded to me. I felt that I should do whatever possible for these poor people, so I entered the hospital and was led to the cot, whereon lay outstretched the victim of the Juggernaut of modern civilization. To make a long story short, I found the young husband very comfortable and very much alive, in fact, in no danger as yet of giving up the ghost, so I decided not to broach the subject of the divorce, lest it do him more mischief than the automobile. I went out and reassured my weeping friends at the hospital gate and they departed very happy and very grateful, hurling blessings at my unprotected head.

---

The Bokharan quarter in the suburbs of Jerusalem is built on an eminence sloping far down into a valley, merging into a plain and running up again into hills and mountains to the distant horizon beyond. The women are bedecked in silks of the gaudiest and most brilliant colors, matching the fantastic tints of the setting sun on the cloud-flecked sky.

As I pass through I hear the welcome "Shalom" from every side, binding and knitting firmly and closely the Jew of the east and the Jew of the west.

I leave the Bokharan district by way of a narrow, stony goat path and clamber down into the valley, where are pitched the camps of thousands of Hindus with their hordes of camels and asses and horses. I pass a good many evidences of excavations. At the bottom of a deep pit, I find the entrance to an ancient rock tomb. The massive granite portal is ornamented with sculptured festoons and garlands. Through this entrance almost choked with debris and rubbish, I crawled into a large quadrangular chamber hewn out of solid rock. The walls contain niches or "Kokim," where the corpses were placed, and two low narrow passageways lead into adjoining and similar chambers. The floor of this cave tomb is strewn with the bones of animals who evidently have slipped and fallen

into the pit and then crawled into this chamber of death, whence they never more emerged.

---

Every morning and afternoon on my way to and from the hospital, I pass under the barred and grated windows of the prison. And at one of these apertures, high up in the stone wall, there is a figure crouching, pressed against the iron barrier. The face is dark and wild and young, framed in jet black hair and the eyes rove wistfully and pleadingly—some daughter of the desert, perhaps the child of a Bedouin chieftain, the sweetheart of a wild rider of Moab, caught like a little bird in the net of Law and Order, the ways of which are not her ways and the signs of which are strange and inscrutable.

---

On the road between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, situated on a hilltop overlooking a vast expanse of country, is the Monastery of Tantour. I spent one very pleasant Sabbath afternoon within its cloistered walls.

From Jerusalem to this Monastery is a two hour uphill walk and with the fiery sun beating down on the wayfarer, the end of the journey is a very welcome relief.

We arrived at lunch time and the monks were sitting around the table awaiting us. They all rose as we entered and cordially gave us greeting. Then we sat down to the repast. The food was plentiful, varied and savoury, and the brothers did not seem to suffer from lack of appetite, particularly as there was plenty of wine on the table and the bottles were not put to shame, by neglect. One good, rotund friar, seated near me, emptied several tumblers and the others seemed to be keeping pace with him. After the meal and the grace, we sat under a cool, arched portico for an hour. Then we were conducted through the building.

What interested me particularly was the policlinic in which the monks (one of them a physician) administered to the physical ills of the villagers and fellahin in the vicinity.

The facilities were very poor and the treatments rather crude, but very conscientious and devoted.

We were also initiated into the mysteries of a monastic wine cellar. Here we were introduced to the fountains, whence gushed the delicious and exhilarating draughts we had quaffed in the dining hall. Rows upon rows of casks, each of a certain kind and time of vintage. We were obliged to sample a variety of these rather than offend our good and genial hosts.

And so the day waned and the twilight approached, and we bade farewell to the holy, hospitable brethren and to their quaint Mediaeval monastery and journeyed back to Jerusalem in the refreshing coolness of the night, which had rapidly descended upon us. There is nothing more inspiring, more conducive to reflection and spiritual peace, than a walk on the Bethelhem road in the silence and mystery of the night with the full moon and the myriad of stars overhead and the fields and stones and the houses and ruins, and the tents and camels and the turbaned men, and the distant hills and mountains, all sharply outlined in silver light and pitch black shadow.

---

I am in the habit of taking long walks in the evening. The nights are cool and refreshing and afford a grateful relief after the day's heat and toil. And it keeps me out of my little room, where memories and yearnings and longings are constantly tormenting me. There is no remedy for acute homesickness like a long brisk walk over rough, stony roads and through devious byways in the stillness and solitude of night.

This evening my rambles led me far away from the accustomed paths out into a wilderness of stony fields and dark mysterious Arab dwellings. I felt fatigued and sat down to rest on a huge boulder by the roadside. Suddenly I heard hurrying footsteps approaching and soon I discovered two human figures running towards me. At a distance of about fifty paces they perceived me and stopped in their tracks. For a few brief moments I could hear them excitedly exchanging

some words. Almost at the same time I became aware of voices and footsteps coming nearer and nearer. The men in the road plunged over the stone wall across the fields. Their pursuers were now visible in the gloom and they followed the direction taken by the fugitives, yelling and cursing.

I sat as one frozen to the stone and watched this weird spectacle and listened to the unearthly blood curdling sounds. Then came the red flash of a gun and a sharp report, then another and another, followed by an inhuman, agonizing shriek—and all was silent once more.

---

My destination this afternoon was Bethlehem, a distance of about six miles from Jerusalem. On the way I stopped at Rachael's Tomb by the roadside. It is a small square, dome covered stone building, which has been hallowed for many years by the footsteps of devout pilgrims of the three great world religions. It is supposed to mark the burial site of our matriarch and its stones are constantly moistened with the tears of those who come here to pour out their bitter grief and pray for Rachael's intercession on behalf of Israel.

A few minutes walk from this mausoleum there stands a beautiful villa, the residence of a family of Arab Christians, six brothers who have amassed an immense fortune in trade with America and France. I have been treating some members of this family and they have frequently importuned me to pay them a visit, so I dropped in on them this afternoon while on my way to Bethlehem.

The house is a miniature Alhambra, a magnificent work of Moorish architecture and the interior is fitted up and furnished like a French chateau. It consists of salons and chambers and boudoirs and nurseries and bathrooms—forty-two compartments in all, built around a courtyard, enclosed by a circle of red and white Saracen columns.

There are fifty-four souls living in this eastern palace. They all eat at the same table and the expenses are paid out of the same strong box. The household duties are appor-

tioned off among the ladies in such manner that each one has certain tasks and responsibilities, on which no one is permitted to infringe. One purchases the foodstuffs, another the clothing for all the women and children, so that if Madam M— desires a new hat from Paris, she must speak to sister-in-law about it, as hubby has nothing to say in the matter.

In the same manner, the family income is pooled into a common fund, in which all have a share and from which every expense is paid out.

I was introduced to each of the six brothers and found them a pleasant and congenial lot. There is an air of culture and refinement about them, which expresses strongly the French influence with which they all seem to be veneered.

The oldest brother, a grey-bearded, stout and smooth-mannered gentleman of about sixty is the head of the family, and I marvelled at the almost reverent courtesy with which the other brothers comported themselves towards him.

Several of the children were trotted out and gravely introduced to me. They are healthy looking and well behaved, dark-eyed, little rascals and they obtain their schooling at the French Monastery nearby.

The ladies of the household were not trotted out to be introduced, so I am unable to tell you how they look and what they wear.

We were treated to tiny cups of thick, fragrant, black coffee and to "Arak," a delicious liqueur distilled from grapes. Then in the company of one of the brothers, we proceeded on our way to Bethlehem.

This city of hoary antiquity and hallowed memory is perched on the shoulder of a mountain, from which one sees the Jordan valley and the hills of Moab. The surrounding country shows patches of cultivation, though many of the fields have been ravaged and many of the olive trees uprooted by the Turkish troops, during their last days in this vicinity. We walked through the crooked, narrow streets and alleys of Bethlehem, looking into the dwellings and peering into the



dark dungeon-like stalls used as shops. In one of these, we found a number of women, squatting on the ground kneading dough and shovelling the kneaded lumps into a stone oven to bake. The shop is very dark and filled with smoke, which vainly attempts to escape by the doorway and by a small aperture in the opposite wall.

The women of Bethlehem wear a peculiar, quaint attire and a broad white head-dress, which sets off the native charm, and beauty, with which I found many of them quite strikingly endowed.

After making a tour of the town, we entered the Church of the Nativity, an old Basilica, said to have been erected in the third century by Queen Helena of Byzantium, over the birthplace of Jesus.

In the interior of the Church are two rows of magnificent columns, hewn out of single solid blocks of granite.

We find that here also the Catholic, Greek and Armenian Sects have divided off the sacred places amongst themselves, not without bitter, and occasionally bloody feuds. Hundreds of lamps are suspended from the ceiling and numerous tapers serve to accentuate the sombre gloom of the place.

We are led into a grotto and shown the exact spot where Jesus was supposed to have been born. Then we are lead to the spot where the babe was laid away in the manger, while the three wise men of the east, who had been guided hither by the Star of Bethlehem, knelt around and worshipped. We are also shown the identical place where the Angel Gabriel appeared to Mary and commanded her to flee to Egypt with Joseph and the infant for fear of Herod's wrath and murderous malice. And then we descend into the long and narrow and labyrinthine gallery, cut out of the rock which leads through numerous grottos used as Catacombs by the Ancients, and through which the fugitive little family made its escape out of the city and out of reach of the swords of Herod's soldiers.

Late this afternoon I permitted myself a brief respite from my clinic and sallied forth on a cross-country hike. As I passed the Damascus Gate and turned up the road leading to Jericho, I was accosted by a little Arab urchin, "Mister, wanna see Solomon's quarries?" "Sure," said I, and he led me into an enormous grotto, the entrance to which is right underneath the Jerusalem Wall. It is a vast cavern with labyrinthine passages and is said to have supplied much of the stone for Solomon's Temple.

Issuing forth from these subterranean regions my little guide kept close to my heels. "Wanna see Mount Olive?" "Sure," said I, "lead me to it;" and so I made another trip to the venerable Mount with my little gamin trotting before me.

He is a dark-haired, dark-eyed, very dark-faced little lad, die, barefooted and bareheaded and smiling continually between shreds of broken English. I elicited from our conversation that his name was Ibrahim and that his age is twenty-two, which by a careful cross examination, I reduced to twelve; that his father was in the army and his mother was dead and he ate and slept wherever luck permitted.

From the Mount of Olives, I viewed the ever-fascinating panorama of the brown, rolling mountains of Judaea and of the long, deep cleft through which the Jordan River flows and empties into the Dead Sea, seen clearly and distinctly like a sheet of blue glass in the dull, tawny frame of the hills. My guide stands near and evidently relishes my keen interest, which he has been instrumental in satisfying. He points a little black finger towards a cluster of buildings down in the valley eastward. "Wanna see Bethany?" "Indeed I do," said I, having rested sufficiently and being eager to continue my walk.

So down we scrambled for a good long hour over a narrow winding path, full of jagged rocks and stones. Ibrahim sprang around on his bare feet like a mountain goat and I lumbered and slid along after him in my heavy boots and uni-

form, envying him his thin, airy kimona, fastened with a narrow sash around the waist.

I finally find myself in the Village of Bethany, having been providentially spared from sprains and fractures in my headlong descent.

I stop for a few minutes to be shown the Tomb of Lazarus and the exact spot where he was resurrected by Jesus. I also had the pleasure and sacred privilege of standing on the veritable stone whence Jesus mounted his donkey while on his way to the Holy City. I have to confess that it is indistinguishable to me from the myriads of other stones with which this naked land is covered, but tradition has put its finger on this particular one and I do not propose to fight tradition, especially on a hot day like this.

Bethany is a replica of the typical Arab village of crooked, narrow, dusty paths and low stone huts without air or light, and full of filth, smoke, human beings, animals and vermin.

On the way back, we stopped at the Garden of Gethsemane, situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and one of the most hallowed spots in Christian history. A genial and florid Franciscan friar leads us through this beautiful and tenderly guarded oasis, plucking some passion flowers for me and pointing out eight gnarled and venerable olive trees, which are reputed to have stood here twenty centuries ago, when Jesus sought refuge and shelter in Gethsemane. After resting here, and refreshing myself with a long draught of cool, crystal-clear, spring water, I bade farewell to the friar, slipping a coin into his open palm and depart.

I ascend towards Jerusalem, just as the setting sun is riotously and fantastically painting the domes and minarets against the horizon with all the colors of his rainbow palette, and the weird, monotonous chant of the Muezzin floats down over the valley.

---

Miss S—, bustling and benevolent, has been devoting practically all of her time during the last few weeks to the

distribution of clothing among the poor of Jerusalem and the refugees from the north, and she has been working herself thin in her efforts to be helpful. Recently an incident occurred which did not at all replenish her waning enthusiasm.

A grand fair has been held in the Bokharan quarter, to which the Arabs from the surrounding suburbs and villages flocked in large numbers, and at which various and sundry articles of attire were exchanged for paltry gold and silver. And now many Turks and Arabs are parading through the streets of Jerusalem dressed in garments which had been generously donated and zealously gathered by charitable ladies in America for poor Jews and Jewesses in Jerusalem, who had obtained them wherewith to clothe their nakedness and then had sold them to the children of Esau for a mess of pottage.

---

I visited the home of Mr. R—, one of the foremost Jewish citizens of Jerusalem. He is a scholarly gentleman, very much devoted to the collection of coins and pottery. I was initiated into the mysteries of his curio cabinet, containing all sorts of Palestine coins and some beautiful specimens of Phoenician glassware, as well as other relics of antiquity. While examining his coins, the first one I was shown dated from the reign of Simon Maccabeus about 135 B. C. It bears the representation of a palm branch and a pomegranate on one side and on the reverse side a cluster of grapes encircled by an inscription which reads "In the year of the redemption of Zion." Other coins of later date also bear Hebrew inscriptions on both sides and engravings of palms, pomegranates, grapes and garlands of flowers.

But as we examine the coins of succeeding rulers in Israel we find the foreign alien influences becoming stronger and finally prevailing. Here we pick up a coin with Hebrew on one side and Greek on the other, and on one side there is the unhallowed representation of a human head. And now we are holding a coin of Herod's time, bearing no Hebrew inscription at all, but Roman on both sides, with a Roman patrician

head on one surface and the figure of Victory on the other.

Then with the destruction of the Temple and the fall of the Jewish state, comes a hiatus followed by Barcochba's short lived and ill-fated revolution in the second century of the Christian era. The coins of this tragic epoc are Roman coins with Hebrew letters and the palm branch and pomegranate and cluster of grapes. stamped over the Roman inscriptions and over the figures of Roman Caesars and gods. The last coins of this series bear the head and name of Emperor Hadrian on one side and on the other "Elia Capitolina," the new pagan name for the razed and ravaged Jerusalem and a bound and kneeling figure of Judaea under a Roman shield.

---

This evening a knock at the door of my room admitted Dr. Moshe Elijah Yakob. He is a tall, spare man, of striking Semitic aspect, very dark skin and long flowing, jet-black hair and beard. He wears a fez of black felt on his head and the rest of his attire does not require much mention, except to note that it is worn, frayed, shabby and patched. He always carries a Bible fondly clasped under his arm and his specialty is the Prophets, with whom he is in close and intimate communication.

I usher him into my den and offer him a chair, which he accepts with a profound Oriental bow, with his hand pressed over his heart, while he murmurs "Dear sir, I hope I am not disturbing your honored and precious privacy." He comes out of the mysterious East, and he is the dreamy, visionary East incarnate, though he speaks English faultlessly. He was born in Persia of an ancestry dating back lineally to the ten lost tribes of Israel, some of whom were transported by Sennacherib from Samaria to Shushan. "Here is a letter, dear sir, which I wrote to General Allenby a month before the present victory and therein I prophecy the complete downfall of the Turk in the day in which it actually took place. The finger of God is writing now on the tablets of Destiny, but we need the key and the true interpretation which can

only be found in the Holy Word and particularly in the Prophets.

"In the time of our Temple, the Lord revealed His will through his messengers and through the Urim vethomin. Ah! you do not know what that means, dear sir: I will tell you. The Kabballah teaches us that the breastplate worn by the High Priest, consisting of twelve stones, one for each tribe of the nation, was the oracle whereby the Most High deigned to communicate His pleasure and commands to His children. Each stone bore the name of a tribe and in these stones were contained all the letters of our Alphabet. At certain times of crises or calamity in our existence, the letters would burn and glow like fiery flame and flash forth the message of the Lord. But since the downfall of the Temple, the Almighty has turned his face from us and His children have not heard their Father's voice.

"But now a new time is coming; in fact, dear sir, it has already arrived, for, verily, I am convinced by all the signs and prophecies in the Word of God that the time of the Messiah is here. The spirits of our Tzadikim, our patriarchs, our saints and holy men shall descend and dwell with us and guide us to a higher and purer, yea, to a diviner life.

"How shall we act? I shall answer you, dear sir,—in two ways. First, we must turn our faces to all the people of the earth with love and tolerance and brotherliness, not to sneer, not to deride, not to revile, not to scorn or profane. And second, we must search within us for him who shall come with a message from the Holy name. And we shall hearken unto his voice and he shall lead us like a column of cloud by day and like a pillar of fire by night. And then shall all the scattered children be gathered together and the Word of God shall once again go forth from Zion."

---

A communication has just been brought in bearing the glorious tidings that an armistice has been declared by the warring nations. It means that the Hun has confessed him-

self vanquished and peace is near at hand.

I walk out into the city—the dark, silent, mysterious city with the wonderful, starry, moonlit heaven above and the mud, sticky and slimy underfoot. Here and there I meet groups of drunken soldiers, parading the streets unsteadily, singing and yelling. Jerusalem seems so benumbed with suffering and terror that it is huddling within barred doors and behind closed windows on this eventful night, when the message of peace and hope and salvation is resounding throughout the world, flashing from mountain and hilltop and valley, from city and village and hamlet.

---

The window of my operating room looks out upon a magnificent view over the mountains and valleys of Judea to the deep canyon of the Jordan and the basin of the Dead Sea. The sky overhead is an endless kaleidoscope of color and form and beauty and the sun dips into the Mediterranean Sea behind a panorama of cloud and flame.

But near my window there are likewise many things of interest and attraction. One of these comes in the form of a thin, small, withered man in ragged kaftan and tattered gray-white knee-breeches, his face covered with a long grizzled beard and a pair of curly corkscrew earlocks, straggling down to his neck. He comes every afternoon just when the sun is concentrating its warmth and tenderness on the stone pavement in the little corner beside my window. He spreads his patched and threadbare cloak on the flagstones and seats himself with his back against the wall, drinking in the sunshine and warmth which is so pleasant on this chilly autumn day.

After making himself as comfortable as a king on his throne, he takes out a heavy, yellow, well-thumbed volume of the Talmud and commences in a droning, sing-song chant to unravel and unfold the intricacies and mysteries of the lore which was born in this very sunshine, in this very ancient land.

---

One of my patients today was a tall, patriarchal Arab. He

was brought in by his wife, a much younger and very attractive looking woman, despite the fantastic tattooing of her chin and cheeks. She told me that as he was rapidly losing his vision, she was seriously contemplating changing him for a younger man with one excellent eye, as the opportunity was just now offering itself to her. Before transferring herself to the new affinity, she would like to know whether I could operate on the man's eyes and make them as good as new, for in that case she would continue to retain him as her lord and master, the other gentle man being blessed with but one good eye in his head.

---

Many of the dreams and tragedies enacted on the stage or depicted in books are considered impossible and the creations solely of inflamed imaginations, yet I have witnessed today the culmination of a tragedy which rivals anything ever dreamt of or written about by poets or dramatists.

The family X—, living in Jerusalem, consisted of three sons and one daughter, as dark and beautiful and desirable as the Shulamith which the poet king glorified in song. Two of the sons were drafted into the Turkish army, sent to the front and killed.

The remaining son was kept hidden away and by the occasional application of backsheesh was left unmolested.

There is a certain saintly-looking, greybearded Jerusalemite, who always travels around on a little donkey and who is so obsequious that he almost tumbles off his mount as he bows to me whenever I meet him. He has the eyes of a ferret and the conscience of a jackal. Before the Turkish evacuation of the Holy City, he made hay while the sun shone, secretly denouncing many Jews to the authorities and helping them to make up proscription lists for execution and exile, as well as informing against those who were evading the horrors and barbarities of Turkish conscription.

The X— family fell into his path. That two of the sons had been offered up did not matter. He demanded hush-money and they gave him the last few coins they had. Then he demanded



more and they gave him the furniture of their home. Finally he pointed a crooked finger at the girl. "I am an old and unhappy widower; here is one who can comfort and cheer my declining days." The mother shrieked out her curses on his head and the Turkish ruffian soldiery came and tore away from her arms her last surviving son.

He was a frail, delicate lad, the idol of the home and the pet of his sister. She frequently came to see him in the camp on the outskirts of the city, risking the leers and insults and offensive attentions of the brutal officers. One day she met the old informer in camp. He and her brother's superior were engaged in deep and earnest conversation and when they noticed her, they nudged each other while the old fiend grinned diabolically and the Turk laughed uproariously.

That day in her presence the brother was whipped unmercifully by the officer until the blood trickled from the bruises on his face and he dropped fainting to the ground. The girl was hysterical and frantic in her pleas for pity. The officer called her into his tent and gave her the vile and dishonorable condition on which she could secure her brother's release. She fled from his sight and came to her home, wild and distracted.

On her next visit to the camp she was again compelled to witness the torturing of the lad, which had now become a daily occurrence. The officer again called her into his tent and once more mentioned the price which she was to pay for her brother's freedom. This time the half crazed girl yielded and that night the brother was smuggled out of the camp not knowing why or whither, and the sister went home broken and dishonored.

The infant born to this unfortunate girl has been adopted by a bachelor in our midst. The mother is wending her way downward and the brother has nevermore been heard of.

---

At sunrise today I drove out of Jerusalem for Hebron, taking with me an assistant and a nurse, as well as medical and surgical supplies for a day's work in "El Chalil," as it is known among the natives—the City of the Friend of God. It is a distance of

about twenty-five miles, mainly uphill along a country of majestic views replete with sites of sacred and hoary antiquity. Somewhere in these valleys or on these hillsides through which we are now speeding in our automobile the sons of Jacob pastured their father's flocks and little Joseph in his coat of many colors came to tell them his marvelous dreams. Here near Bethlehem, is the field where Ruth gleaned in the wake of the reapers until Boaz saw her and culminated the pastoral romance by making her his bride.

Near Bethlehem and just beyond Rachael's Tomb the road bifurcates and we follow the branch on the right, leading to Hebron. The country hereabouts is very fertile, the hillsides are terraced and covered with olive groves and vineyards. Further on we pass the Pools of Solomon, immense reservoirs, guarded by the sombre ruins of an old Saracen castle. These pools received their water supply from the mountain springs abounding in this vicinity and transmitted it by aqueducts of rock to Jerusalem.

Nearby there stands a gigantic solitary gateway, the sole vestage of a powerful fortress built here by the Crusaders.

After an enchanting and unforgettable ride of two hours we enter Hebron, a forlorn and dilapidated Arab city of tumbling, crumbling stone dwellings and narrow, crooked streets, leading up and down steep and slippery inclines. We stop for a few minutes' refreshment at a wayside tavern, proudly flaunting the name of "Oak of Abraham." It is presided over by a heavily bearded, one-eyed ogre, and its filth and wretchedness are indescribable.

Hence we proceed to the Jewish Hospital, which is now vacant and which the retreating Turks have stripped of every thing which could be stolen, ripped or torn away. Here we remain for several hours examining and treating the sick and ailing who flock from every direction as soon as they hear of our arrival. A large portion of the population is afflicted with malaria or trachoma or both, and these scourges are fostered and aggravated by the prevailing filth and extreme poverty.

We visit the Jewish schools, where I find about 40% of the

two hundred children examined, suffering from trachoma. I do what I can for these unfortunates, with the help of their intelligent and conscientious teachers, who spare no effort or energy or sacrifice in their work against tremendous odds and in face of difficulties and hardships.

We wind up our day in El Chalil by visiting the giant old tree, called the "Oak of Abraham," far advanced in decay and said to have been planted by our Patriarch Abraham, in front of his tent where the angels of the Lord appeared to him and foretold the birth of Isaac.

We also pay a visit to the Cave of Machpelah, the burial place of Abraham and Sarah. We cannot enter the cave, as it is jealously guarded by the fanatical Moslems against all infidels. We have to content ourselves with viewing the imposing mosque, built over the cave, at the walls of which pious Jews and Jewesses come to pray and pour out their hearts to the sainted dead.

---

We walk in the direction of Mount of Olives, but before we descend into the valley, we turn into a road on our right and pass along in the shadow of a stone wall until we reach a rough wooden gate with a heavy iron ring in its centre, which we grasp and hammer vigorously against the rickety door. It is opened by a little, black, bleary-eyed Arab urchin and we enter. Here we find ourselves in a great open enclosure and we are standing on a platform at the top of a broad stone staircase. We descend the stairs to a depth of about thirty feet to an opening in the rock wall facing us, leading into an immense cistern used in ancient times for bathing and ablution by those who visited their dead in these rock catacombs, called the Tombs of the Kings.

We enter through an arched gateway on our left into a colossal roofless arena, hewn out of the solid rock. From this open arena, we grope our way into a series of subterranean chambers connecting with each other, in the walls of which are the "Kockim" or oven-like recesses for the reception of the sarcophagi of the dead. At the feet of many of these "Kockim" are other

smaller recesses for the sarcophagi of children, which were buried at the feet of their parents. Along the walls of these ancient catacombs are small niches for the oil lamps which were constantly kept burning in the dwellings of the departed.

Tradition relates that in the century before Christ, there dwelt in Adiabene, a land across the Jordan, a certain Queen Helena, who embraced Judaism and came with her entire family, her retinue and her household, to live in Jerusalem. It was for this family, that this colossal monument was hewn and carved into the bowels of the mountain. In this arena-like court, Queen Helena lived and prepared for death on the very threshold of her grave. And when she breathed her last, her children buried her in their subterranean tomb, reverently placing her sarcophagus in one of the "Kockim," which we have examined today by the feeble, flickering light of four candles.

---

It is just one year ago that the British vanguard entered Jerusalem. We celebrated this memorable anniversary at the home of Prof. Boris Schatz this evening. The elite of Jerusalem were conspicuously and vociferously present. Mrs. Schatz is a highly cultured lady and a charming hostess and the Professor is always beaming goodnature and geniality on everyone around him.

The reception took place in the Atelier and between admiring and studying the panels and paintings and bronzes and watching the expressive faces and listening to the conversation buzzing about me, I took no notice of the flight of time. As the evening progressed, the stiffness and formality wore off and very soon all were singing or humming Hebrew melodies and dancing Palestinian roundelays. It was a genuinely joyful and not to be forgotten evening, a few hours of cordial, friendly social intimacy and not a single speech delivered to mar the festive occasion.

---

After a day's work in Hebron, we started home in our machine. It was rapidly growing dark and the night would be moonless, which did not trouble me as the chauffeur-mechanic-engineer,

who chaperons me on these trips, assured me that our lights were excellent and so they were for about five minutes; in fact, they were too bright to last, and suddenly they expired without a warning. Overhead hung a very black and starless sky, before us lay a long rough road over the mountains of Judea, full of dangerous and abrupt windings and turnings, and behind us reposed Hebron, in which there is a hotel graced by the name of "Eschel Abraham," presided over by a one-eyed ogre and teeming with all sorts of vermin.

I never reached a decision so quickly in my life—barely a fleeting moment I tarried and hesitated and in the next instant, my grinding, pounding, crackling, groaning, puffing and whistling Ford was swallowing up the road as fast as its wheels could carry it. Many were the asses and camels I missed by a hairs-breadth, many were the profound and eloquent curses hurled after us by the Arab muleteers. Many were the steep precipices and yawning chasms from which our Guardian Angel saved us from being flung into, and many were the cliffs and boulders and towering rocks that he thrust aside for us as we nosed our way through the darkness and the dense mountain fog, until we safely reached the Gates of Jerusalem.

---

This is a day that will forever remain as one of the milestones in the history of mankind and particularly as the inauguration of a new epoch in the life of Palestine and the Jews. It marks the dawn of peace upon a bloodstained and mutilated world. It commemorates the triumph of the British forces over the Turks at the gates of the Holy City one year ago. It recalls the victory of the Maccabean revolution against Antiochus and his legions and the liberation of Israel from the yoke of the oppressor, and moreover it is Thanksgiving Day in America, with infinitely more to be thankful for than at any other period in the life of our Republic.

---

About two hour's walk from Jerusalem lies Ain Karim—"The

Well of the Merciful"—a beautiful village, nestling on a hillside, peopled by Russian nuns and pilgrims.

We start out on our journey about ten in the forenoon. It is a delicious day, mild and sunny, and we swing along the winding, climbing road, over terraced mountainsides, looking down into Arab hamlets and villages in the valleys. Through the middle of the valley, following its course, runs a broad, shallow, stone-filled ditch, which is the dried up bed of a little river that becomes swollen and torrential during the rainy season. Here and there we see huge mounds of stones and rocks, which serve as watch towers for the keepers of the fields. And we are reminded of the Prophet's exclamation, when all around him was desolation and despair and darkness and death, "Oh! watnhman, watchman, what of the night!"

Soon a turn in the road brings into view a little town situated on the slope of a mountain. It is different from anything I have seen in Palestine. Here are whitewalled houses and gabled roofs and steeples and spires in a setting of deep green cypresses and olive and pine. It is Ain Karim, a little cluster of Russian monasteries and convents and villas and little stone huts. It is like an exotic plant brought from Ukraine or Crimea and planted on a brown stony mountain in Judea.

Before entering Ain Karim, we pass through a squalid, rather picturesque Arab village, nestling at its feet. There are several springs of water here and wherever the living fluid bathes the soil, it becomes clothed in a rich verdant green, which stands out strikingly amidst the brown and gray stones. Everywhere are little gardens and vegetable patches and their vivid green contrasts beautifully with the yellow and blue splotches moving hither and thither wherever the Arabs are weeding and hoeing.

At the outskirts of this village we began to ascend into Ain Karim. Here we meet good-natured, squat, broad-faced Russian peasant women, who greet us in their friendly fashion.

We are very hungry and tired and on making inquiries we are guided up a steep, narrow, rocky path to a little stone one-story house, hidden and tucked away among shrubs and bushes

and trees. Here we are introduced to Matushka Anna Mikhailovna, a happy soul in spite of the tell-tale lines of care on her face and the yellow skin and the deep sunken blue eyes. She seats us at a little table in front of the doorway of her home, overlooking a magnificent view. A samovar is soon humming and singing and a simple but wholesome and plentiful repast is placed before us. Anna Mikhailovna is running back and forth urging us to eat and drink and telling us in snatches, about her distant home on the steppe and about her life here.

Friend V— speaks Russian fluently and the Matushka needs no coaxing. Many and interesting are the things and events and experiences she talks about and occasionally she sighs wistfully and shakes her head sadly. I gather that something deep and tragic has broken Anna's life and driven her from her home to the seclusion and asceticism and hardships of her hermit hut in Ain Karim.

The sun is sinking behind the mountain tops and the twilight shadows are deepening and lengthening. From our little table in front of the hut, we gaze out upon a scene of vast and impressive beauty and grandeur, a scene wild and rugged and strange and sacred; rolling brown hills and hollow valleys and the gray Arab village at our feet and flecks of green upon a hillside or in a ravine, where a field or a grove of trees stands out sharply and vividly. And the declining sun sheds its warm golden lustre over all, changing the gray into silver and the brown into carmine red and tinting the green with orange and purple and violet.

Early every morning I am awakened with the dawn by the twittering and chirruping of the birds, nesting in the branches of the old olive tree, and looking into my window.

I lie in bed for a while dozing and half dreaming and then I hear singing from the kitchen below, sweet childish trebles mingling with the warbling of the birds, in the chill gray morning. I recognize the voices of our two little housemaids, Hannah and Rebecca. While I am lazily debating whether to get up or not to get up, these two young girls, who would

still be attending school in America, are already hard at work preparing breakfast and setting the tables. All day they are constantly on the go. It is always "Hannah, get me this," or "Rebecca, hurry up and fetch me that." Their wages are ridiculously meagre, their clothes are threadbare and shabby; they look thin and worn and occasionally suffer from chills and fevers, but through it all and in spite of everything, they sing their sweet, crooning Hebrew and Arabic songs and once in a while a snatch of a New York or a London popular melody. And whenever I am inclined to be gloomy and grouchy and dissatisfied and despondent, the sound of Hannah and Rebecca singing at their menial tasks pulls me up and helps me to carry on more cheerfully and contentedly.

---

The flood gates of heaven are open and the rain is streaming down in torrents and the wind is howling and whining like all the fiends of Hell let loose.

---

Last night I dreamt of home and all morning I have been sad and sick at heart. I finished my work at the clinic and while on my way to our quarters I was suddenly rooted to the spot by the sweet plaintive strains of Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words." The melody issued from a building which is used as an asylum for blind children. Like one entranced I opened the gate leading into a large court, where blind children were pacing to and fro linked arm in arm, and guided and drawn by the music I entered the house. In a dingy, chilly square room, bare but for a piano, a table and a couple of chairs, sat two children, a boy and a girl of about twelve, at the piano playing together.

Their eyes are sightless, shrunken orbs over which the lids droop down as if to shield them from scrutiny and vulgar pity. The faces are serene and motionless, yet betray an inward vision, and feeling as the fingers search and glide over the ivory keys. And so they play the "Song Without Words," these poor blind waifs who have never seen the light of day or



the stars of night, and I listen enraptured and I wonder what visions without sunlight or shadow, their souls are beholding.

This day is the first anniversary of the entry of the conquering British into Jerusalem. The city is celebrating in gala fashion with music and banners and parading crowds and hawksters and vendors of nuts and sweets. But the average man on the street, the real Oriental is stolid and indifferent and seems devoid of patriotism and that fervid enthusiasm which is born of a deep love for one's native land.

I have just returned from a gathering arranged by the municipality of Jerusalem in commemoration of the occasion. It was a motley crowd characteristic of the Holy Land and significant of the problems to be solved here, and the conditions to be dealt with. Here sat the Military Governor with his staff, representing the Aryan race and the greatest empire in the world. Here are black Nubians from Abyssinia and blond priests from Russia and black-bearded, delicately featured Armenians. Here are Arab Moslems and Arab Christians, Sheiks who have accomplished their pilgrimage to Mecca and their brothers who kiss the stones of the Holy Sepulchre. Here is a cardinal in his magnificent robes and red cap and by his side sits a Rabbi, a descendant of the Spanish Marranos, conversing with the white-bearded, saintly-looking Greek Patriarch. And near me sits a young Syrian, educated at the American college at Beyruth and gives vent in low undertones to his dissatisfaction at the oriental obsequiousness and subserviency expressed in the addresses to the Governor.

---

She is a wizened, stooping little figure of a woman with deep sunken eyes that sparkle with kindness and good humor behind the thick, red, granulated lids. If you ask her about her age, she will shrug her shoulders and say "How should one remember such trifles; what with high prices and the fever and sore eyes and other troubles, I have long forgotten how old I am, but I think it must be somewhere between fifty

and sixty."

You naturally will tell her that she is looking much younger, but in reality you estimate her nearer seventy. She comes every morning to the clinic, dragging and hauling a huge basket containing oranges, cookies and flies. Our clinic, God knows, is sufficiently crowded without old Chanah Braine's setting up shop here, but she tries to squeeze herself and her wares into an unobtrusive corner, from which she bows and smiles to me whenever I pass and pours blessings on my head in her quaint Galician jargon, and during all this torrent of blessings she smiles so appealingly, almost piteously, and you know how difficult it is for me to resist the feminine smile, so there Chanah Braine sits with her basket and her fruit and her multitude of flies and my patients refresh themselves from the depths of her basket while waiting their turn to be treated.

Now the other day, Chanah Braine, during a lull in the work of the clinic, opened her heart to me and revealed a bottomless pit of trials and tribulations. It was rather a lengthy tale and the only reason we ever finished it in time for dinner was that I persistently steered her towards the main shore and kept her from drifting into the limitless ocean of her vague and hazy memories.

She came to Jerusalem about five years ago from a little village in Austrian Poland. She married off seven children and buried nine sons and daughters and one husband. She sold her little home and her few chattels and came to die in consecrated Holy ground. Here she bought a little plot, six feet long by three feet wide on the slope of the Mount of Olives, where uncountable thousands of the chosen people lie awaiting the trumpet blast of the Messiah. With her own hands she cut and sewed for herself a shroud and then she bowed her head and prayed for the end to come swiftly and painlessly. But the weeks and the months passed by and still she walked among the living though her spirit was already in another world. A year and two slid by and her few remaining

pennies had long been consumed and she felt that she would have to stretch out her hand for the loathed Hallukah—she who had always given alms to others.

Then it came to pass that one day the town Shadehan (matchmaker) Rab Eliezer Chaveles came to her and said "You are alone in the world; you will soon be homeless and will have to go to the asylum; I have a plan for you, a brilliant idea; you know Reb Eliezer Dvosis, a gem of a Jew, a pearl, a diamond, a lump of gold, pious and learned; he has a little home, he is also very lonesome, no kith or kin in the world; he makes a few shillings a week as a scribe. You will marry him and you will not become a ward of charity. All that is necessary is that you sell your burial plot. It is a choice morsel and I know several rich men who would pay a pretty penny for it. Reb Eliezer has a plot for two, which he will share with you and the money for your plot will be quite sufficient to buy a comfortable little fruit stand on which I have my eye, not far from the Jaffa gate. Think it over, Chanah Braine, I will call tomorrow for your answer."

She did think it over, all that day and all through the hours of the restless, sleepless night. Poor, poor Chanah Braine, who never uttered a murmur or complaint against the will of the Lord, now moaned: "Oh, why don't you take me, God of my Fathers, how long will you let me suffer here, a burden to myself and the world?"

But the next day her decision was made; evidently it was the finger of the Almighty, and when the marriage broker called with Reb Eliezer Dvosis, they found her clothed in her Sabbath garments, a beautiful silk kerchief on her head tied in a knot under her chin, her faded, wrinkled face calm and composed.

The transaction was arranged quickly, witnesses were called in, a plate was broken, the Mazol Tov was uttered and the match on the brink of the grave was consummated. That was three years ago. Since then the troubles of Chanah Braine have augmented and increased. Her husband, Reb

Eliezer, turned out to be a helpless, sickly and ailing old man, though very tenacious of life. The little stand by the Jaffa gate was a commercial fizzle and had to be sacrificed for a song and Chanah Braine with the proceeds of the sale of her establishment, fitted herself out with an enormous basket, filled with fruit and nuts and home baked cookies, which she lugs around in her feeble, emaciated old arms.

So there she sits one or two hours every morning in the dingy, crowded, noisy waiting hall of the clinic and smiles and bows whenever she sees me pass through.

---

Early this morning I left Jerusalem for Jaffa as a member of the Sanitary Commission, appointed to make a tour of all the Jewish colonies and settlements in Palestine. It was cloudy and foggy when we started out in the machine, but it soon cleared up and we sped along towards a most wonderful and, to me, a symbolic rainbow, covering the distance between Jaffa and Jerusalem in approximately two hours.

---

I spent several hours of the day tramping through the outskirts of Jaffa. The weather is mild, the sky a deep blue, contrasting vividly with the rich luxuriant green of the orange groves, dotted and speckled with the golden yellow fruit. Oranges are ripening now and the gardens and plantations are alive with men and women picking and packing the luscious fruit.

I met many women on the road, gracefully balancing enormous baskets full of oranges on their heads. The entire scene is in striking contrast to the dryness and dustiness and gray brown barrenness of two months ago, when I paid my last visit here before the blessed rain came down to unseal the womb of the pregnant earth.

---

Last night I was awakened from my sleep by a chorus of shrill shrieks and howls coming from a distance, approaching and growing stronger and then receding and becoming fainter

and fainter. It was a weird and gruesome sound in the stillness of the night and sounded like the cries of children in distress. But as I listened, wondering and pondering on its meaning, I recalled that I had heard a similar sound one night while walking around the Jerusalem Wall. At that time I had perceived a pack of lean, wolflike creatures streaking away over the ruins and graves in the moonlight. And here in Jaffa I heard once more almost under my very window the blood-curdling, sickening, howling and yelping of the scavengers of the night. "Jackals!" I muttered and turned over and went to sleep again.

---

We reached Ludd at nine in the morning, and from there we traveled through the barren stony hills of Judea, across the flat, fertile plain of Jezreel, saturated with the blood of armies, who have marched and fought over it from the dawn of history to the present time. We travelled all day and after sunset arrived at Samakh, a little one-horse station on the shore of Lake Galilee. It was raining in torrents when we climbed out of the dingy, crowded car and sought shelter from the downpour under the platform shed.

Several stalwart, Australian soldiers stalked about, like sceptres in the gloom. The whining cry of an infant attracted my attention and I found, seated on some bundles in a dark corner, a Jewish woman with a babe in her arms. The child is very sick, has a constant fever and is growing weaker and weaker, so she is taking it to the hospital in Tiberias. Now she is stranded at the station as no boat is sailing for that point tonight. The wailing of the child, which had subsided for a while, begins afresh and elicits some chocolates from the sympathetic Australians. One young giant runs out into the shower and reappears with his canteen full of hot tea, which he offers to the woman.

It is clear that we must find quarters for ourselves for the night as well as some food and shelter for this poor woman and child. One of our party secures an Arab guide and

trudges off into the darkness in search of Daganiah, a little Jewish colony about two miles from Samach. We sit on the platform on our bundles, huddled together and watch the ceaseless streaming of the rain. An hour passes, then two, then three. The sick child exhausted with its wailing has fallen into a fitful restless slumber.

My own thoughts are in a little cozy home, many, many miles away, across deep seas and towering mountains, and beyond strange lands and stranger peoples.

I am aroused from my reverie by the welcome sound of approaching wheels and the splashing of horses' hoofs in the mud, and the yelling of the driver. It is an open peasant wagon of boards and poles, half full of straw drenched with rain and saturated with mud. But it is a welcome sight nevertheless, and we lift the woman and child into it and then pile in with our bundles and belongings.

The three mules pull heroically, very frequently stimulated by the snap of the driver's whip. The wheels sink into the soft clayey mud up to their hubs. The wagon lurches back and forth, and from side to side like a vessel in a stormy sea, until finally, when we have almost given up hope of ever pulling out of the deep, sticky, slimy slough, we see twinkling lights and in another quarter of an hour, we drive into the village of Daganiah.

We are welcomed by the colonists and treated to a simple but abundant and wholesome meal of "lebben" (curdled milk), olives, black bread, cheese and coffee.

Then I retire to rest and a sound sleep until I am awakened by the bleating of the flock of sheep being driven out of the yard to the fields for pasture, and I jump out of bed in time to see the glorious day, dawning over the placid, mirror-like Lake Kinnereth, blue and crystal-clear, reflecting the golden, azure sky and the fleecy clouds and the green hills of Galilee encircling it like a gem.

---

This morning we spent a few hours investigating the

colony of Daganiah. There are thirty-one souls here at present; sixteen men, eleven women and four children. This colony was established seven years ago by young men and women coming from Russia in search of liberty, and social and economic justice and national self-expression.

They are ardent Zionists and triple-armored socialists. They all speak a fluent and beautiful Hebrew and most of them are cultured and well educated; graduates of Russian gymnasia and universities. They came full of hope and enthusiasm, impelled by an idealism sublime in its poesy and all-embracing humanitarianism.

They came to Palestine, determined to help found here a Jewish model commonwealth, based on the great Trinity—Equality, Fraternity and Liberty. They settled on the shore of the Kinnereth, a beautiful and a sacred spot, and they called it Daganiah. A tract of land was allotted to them by the Jewish National Fund. They erected buildings; a large dining hall where all eat together, two adjoining buildings used for living and sleeping quarters and several barns, stables and sheds. The land continues to be the property of the National Fund. Each worker receives a monthly wage of sixty francs and an equal share in the profits that remain at the end of the year, after all expenses are deducted.

This little colony has during its brief existence, contributed one hundred and sixty thousand francs to the National Fund. The colony is administered by a committee of three, selected each month. Men and women vote and serve equally.

At certain regular periods, all the members of the commune meet and decide upon certain important matters and also apportion the various tasks and functions among themselves.

Individual preferences as well as capacities and abilities are taken into consideration in the allotment of the work.

The sanitary and health conditions of Daganiah are deplorable. A number of the colonists are affected with trachoma and other eye inflammations, due to the blinding sun and

dust of the long dry summer. All of them are subject to attacks of malaria and some of them have succumbed to a pernicious form of malaria, called blackwater fever. Infants become affected with malaria and trachoma during the first year of life.

The malarial infection has induced in nearly all of the colonists a degree of anaemia, which is more or less marked and which is contributed to by the dyspepsia to which many have fallen victims.

Flies are very much at home here and settle themselves thickly and tenaciously on everything and everybody.

Before leaving Daganiah, all the members of the colony gathered in the large dining hall, to have a conference with our committee.

They are a group of intelligent looking young men and women, the former in workmen's blouses, bound with girdles around their waists; the latter quite attractive looking, in spite of their short hair and the yellowish pallor which is characteristic of all.

The spokesman is a tall gaunt chap, with a high forehead and keen brown eyes, somewhat sunken in their sockets. His skin is parchment-like and his features are emaciated. He speaks slowly, distinctly and directly, with a clear voice and in a beautiful Hebrew which, I blush to confess, I follow with difficulty.

"Many of us are here since the colony was founded seven years ago. A great many more have come and gone to other parts and other climes where the difficulties are less and the burdens lighter and the recompense greater. The heat is well nigh unbearable for as you well know this spot is situated over six hundred feet below the sea-level. To work in the heat requires superhuman effort. To sleep is well nigh impossible. We are constantly drenched with perspiration and we drink gallons of water.

"This pouring of water into our systems, while we are overheated, as well as the poor quality of the food and the



irregular hours of working and sleeping, has made of nearly every one here a confirmed dyspeptic.

"After all these years of toil and hardship and self-sacrifice, which has cost us our strength and health, we are now confronted with the question;—Shall we continue or are we fighting a losing battle? We believe that we cannot carry on here much longer, unless conditions are made more endurable. It is for you, gentlemen to see that it is done. We colonists form the vanguard of our nation in Palestine. We are trying to hold a front which is unsanitary, unhealthful, unlivable. You must remedy these evils for us. Otherwise we cannot hold the line and all our labor and sacrifice will have been wasted and in vain."

So spoke one of those who have gone out to reclaim the land of our fathers for us, and this is the tragic situation in which we find them. Yet their ardor is unquestionable and their enthusiasm undampened, and their idealism unimpaired, though bitterly disappointed.

It is our sacred duty to check and prevent any further waste and squandering of these, our best and most promising forces. We must prepare the land, we must drain the marshes and swamps, we must eradicate the blinding trachoma—the malaria which saps the vitality of individual and state. We must establish a system of public health and hygiene and last but not least, we must harness the Jordan with its rapid flow and tremendous fall of twelve hundred feet from Lake Merom to the Dead Sea, and with potential electric power enough to drive every labor saving motor in every farm and homestead and colony in Palestine.

We drove out of Daganiah after leaving a little sum for the National Fund in lieu of payment for lodgings and victuals which the colonists refused to accept from us. They harnessed a team of mules to a long crude, hay cart and sent us off with many hearty "Shaloms."

We travelled over a muddy stony road, along the shore of the wonderfully, beautiful Lake Kinnereth with its diadem

of hills now bare and barren, but waiting for the loving hand of their people to make them blossom once more and team with life and industry.

We ford the Jordan near its entrance into the lake. Horses and wagons are half submerged and we climb up as high as we can on the sides of the cart, but not high enough to keep our boots from getting full of Jordan water.

We meet a good many Bedouins on their wiry horses. Some of them are carrying rifles slung across the saddle and look as if they would furnish very poor entertainment on a lonely road in a dark night.

We pass numerous ruins of villages, built along the shore of the Lake, mute witnesses of a large, active population that has been driven into exile or died out together with its homes its farms, its gardens and roads, its monuments and temples, and its fleets of white winged boats on the water.

Here we are shown the tomb of the learned and wonder-working Rabbi Meyer bal Hahess and there high up lies buried Rabbi Akiba the leader of the ill-starred Bar Cochba rebellion against the Roman Empire in the second century of the Christian Era.

Further on we see a rivulet of steaming water hurrying down into the Lake. It comes from one of the hot Sulphur springs with which this vicinity abounds. Now we catch sight of Tiberias looking very picturesque against the deep blue waters of Galilee with the towering mountains in the background.

We drive into the city in the early afternoon and find lodging in the only hotel in the place which is passable, clean and comfortable.

---

Early this morning we leave Tiberias in an old rickety, diligence, to which are harnessed two asthmatic nags, for the hire of which to Rush Pinah, a five hours trip, we are obliged to hand over eight pounds sterling, to the villainous looking Jehu.

We still follow the muddy clayey road along the shore of the Lake. The land hereabouts is mainly swamp and morass which breeds malaria enough to poison an empire.

The crying need here is for drainage in winter, digging of canals to guide the streams of water into the Lake and during the long hot, dry summer, when the wet, green meadows become sandy wastes, irrigation is essential.

All this can be accomplished both here and elsewhere in Palestine, by a systematic, concentrated effort. The outlay of capital and labor will be enormous but the abundant harvests and the repopulation will amply repay for the investment.

At one spot our driver pointed with his whip at something that looked like a rock, about a half mile from the shore. "That," he said, "is the wreck of a small steamboat in which the Germans fled from Tiberias on the approach of the English. The British spied the vessel steaming away and concentrated their fire on it. The shells shattered the boat and she sank with all on board."

We meet many covered wagons, looking like American prairie schooners, loaded with refugee men, women and children and their packs and chattels, coming back from the north to seek their devastated homes from which they had been driven by the Turks.

Gradually we leave behind the marshy plain, bordering on the lake and begin to ascend the rugged mountain. The road is very rough, full of huge boulders and furrowed by deep ruts, so that we cover most of the distance on foot.

Twilight deepens and the evening star comes out, over Mount Hermon, and still we trudge on. Soon the darkness of night envelopes the landscape and the lights of Rosh Pinah gleam like beacons of hope to the weary wayfarers.

We reach the village at about seven in the evening and are guided up the very steep main street to a caravansery or inn which is very anxious to be known as a hotel, where we put up for the night.

The place is also used as a tavern, and is much frequented

by the Australian soldiers stationed here, who sit around the table waited on by a little, genial, long bearded inn-keeper in his red fez and carpet-slippers, or by Louisa the smiling waitress and maid of all work, who has acquired a cockney English from the customers and speaks it as if to the manner born.

---

Rosh Pinah is a little village situated on the side of a mountain. There are forty colonists with their families living here and about one hundred other families who subsist miserably on very meagre incomes which they eke out through work on the farms of the colony and in various other ways.

Here in my poor quarters, I came among Jews, Sephardic and Persian and Ashkenazi who are dressed in rags so tattered and torn that the naked skin is unprotected against the wind and rain and influenza and pneumonia are added to the scourges of malaria and trachoma from which nearly all suffer. The wretched homes consist of one or two rooms into which from five to ten human beings are huddled.

Many of the children work in the fields and earn about five piastres (twenty-five cents a day). These are the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Their food is bread, made of duhra, and tea and some green vegetables. They have no means of heating their hovels, and cleanliness is an unknown quantity here.

I inspected a number of these houses located in one alley, and every individual I examined is suffering from trachoma and malaria. The medical help is practically nil with the exception of a dose of quinine or some eye application, which the local druggist administers for a few "mettaliks."

Mishmar Ha Yardin on the shore of Lake Merom consists of one long muddy dirty street with a row of low, dilapidated one-story stone houses on either side. The population is saturated with malaria and nearly all are afflicted with trachoma.

Men, women and children are mostly bare-footed or walk-

ing around in slippers and wooden clogs. They are yellow from anaemia and thin and enfeebled from improper and insufficient nourishment.

The homes are bare and cheerless, full of dirt and flies and the stone floors are plastered with a coating consisting of a mixture of manure and lime in water. In one house I found the floors paved with red brick tiles. I expressed my surprise and was told that the house had been renovated for the use of an administrator who in the eleventh hour decided not to live in the village. So this family remained instead, and now their tiled floor makes them the envy of all the villagers. Mishmar Ha Yarden has been swept successively by Turkish, German and British armies, who have marched through its single street and each contributed something to the destruction and decastation of the little settlement.

An old grey-beard escorted me on my tour of inspection and bit by bit he told me his sad story. "I came here twenty years ago and with my hands I helped to build these houses and plant the fields and gardens of the colony. We came full of hope and love for Zion. And we were happy to be in the land of our fathers. Then the fevers attacked us and we sickened and many of us died. I buried my wife and five children. There are but two sons left to me, one is in Brazil and the other is somewhere in the Turkish Army. I do not know whether he is alive or dead.

We planted fields and gardens and cared for them lovingly and tenderly; came the Arabs and uprooted and destroyed everything. We had to bribe them off and frequently had to fight with them and there was bloodshed. Still we managed to exist; a little backsheesh here, a little bribery there and toil and suffering all the time; we managed to keep body and soul together with God's help.

"Then came the war; we were right in the path of the fighting armies—on the very battlefield, as it were. Whatever we possessed was taken from us, horses, cattle and food. Cold,

and no warmth nor proper clothing; sick, and no help nor medicine."

That sums up the tragic tale of Mishmar Ha-Yardin.

I strolled out of the village, down the steep hill and stood on the bank of the Jordan, the rushing, tumbling, foaming, tossing, turbulent Jordan, surging with energy that could be converted into a blessing for the entire land. A short distance up the stream stands an old bridge, spanning the river. It has been half shot away by the retreating Germans and Turks, but the British in a couple of hours repaired it with iron and timber and relentlessly pursued the fleeing foe.

The winding road leads to Damascus and over it have passed the legions of all empires and the caravans of traders many centuries before the time of Father Abraham.

Before leaving the colony I visited an encampment of Bedouins on its outskirts. They are still the black tents of Kedar as in the time of Esau and Laban and Sisera; tents of straw matting and black goat-hair cloth with their denizens of tattooed women and black-bearded men, and children of all shades of color from the crinkly-haired, flat-nosed negroid to the blond or ruddy haired, fair-skinned descendant of a Crusader warrior. They pitch their tents near the Jewish colonies and help in the work of the fields; incidentally they convey their diseases and their vermin to the villagers.

On going back, I come across a couple of German lorries and a heap of exploded shells. I was told that many corpses were frequently unearthed by the plough, as it scrapes the surface of the soil.

Today I visited Machnaim, a little colony about two hours walk from Rosh Pinah. It is a clear, sunny, bracing morning and I hum a tune as I tramp along, now and then stopping to pick some scarlet or purple anemones or a narcissus, looking like a lily-white shield of David with a golden heart in its centre. Cyclamen and iris are also coming into bloom and the fields and hillsides are beginning to bedeck themselves in flowery bridal robes.

I find Machnaim a pleasant and interesting community of twenty-five intelligent young working men and women. It is conducted on a co-operative basis and all share alike in the work and profit. The health conditions are not very bad and compare strikingly with two Arab homes located in the village.

The Arab dwelling which I entered, is a large, stone, barnlike structure having two doors, no windows and no chimney. On one side are kept the cattle, sheep and goats and on the other side of the barn the floor is somewhat elevated and here the family have their home; their kitchen, dining room, bedroom and parlor. This side of the barn is not encumbered with furniture; a few blankets and straw rugs piled up in a corner supplying all the comforts of home. The kitchen consists of an iron tripod covered with a huge black kettle under which glow a few lumps of charcoal. These Arabs are tilling the fields of some colonists, who dwell in Rosh Pinah. The fellach, after deducting ten percent of his produce for taxes, gives four-fifths of the remainder to his landlord and retains one-fifth for himself.

It is rather a relief to find a few steps away a little group of men and women working together in co-operation, helping each other and sharing equitably the fruits of their labor.

---

In the cool of the evening we sat outdoors under the stars, drinking tea and listening to Arab folk stories:

#### **The Hwodja and his mother-in-law.**

In a little village by the banks of the Jordan once dwelt a Hwodja, a wise and holy man, who had made his pilgrimage and had kissed the Shrine at Mecca.

He was blessed among other things with a mother-in-law, who was a particularly virulent specimen of the breed. One day a messenger came to the Hwodja and said: "O, Sheik, your mother-in-law has fallen into the river and is drowned!" The Hwodja and all the village rushed to the spot where the

catastrophe had occurred and peered into the depths of the rushing stream, but no trace of mother-in-law was anywhere to be seen.

Then the Hwodja divided his neighbors into two parties. "One party," he ordered, "shall search for the body downstream and I and the larger party shall go up the stream for the corpse." "O, wise and learned Hwodja," queried one of the neighbors in wonder, "why search upstream, when the body must surely have been carried down with the flood." "Verily," quoth the Hwodja, stroking his long beard, "Your words are pearls of wisdom, but you did not know my mother-in-law. She always did things her own way."

I was up and out of bed at five in the morning. The eastern horizon was a long strip of fiery red that gradually became transformed into golden, as the rim of the sun peered over the crest of the mountain.

We ate a hasty, but hearty breakfast, and drove off in our rickety diligence bound for the north. After about two hours travelling, we stopped at Ayelet Ha Shachar. It is a small co-operative colony, consisting of nine men and seven women. It is a quadrangular structure, a high stone wall surrounding an immense muddy courtyard, into which open the doors and windows of the huge barn and the two buildings used for living purposes.

The common dining hall, in which we meet the colonists and make our examinations, is a large white-washed room with a floor of baked clay; the furniture is limited to a long table and a couple of benches of rough, unpainted pine. Flies swarm everywhere, on everything, but nobody pays any attention to them.

The place originally belonged to a colonist who abandoned it and it remained unoccupied for a couple of years until the Jewish Colony settled this group of young working people in it. They seem to be satisfied and imbued with an unquenchable idealism, despite the severe hardships and the sufferings from malaria and deficient nourishment.



We drive on from Ayelet Ha Shachar and very frequently we alight and walk to save our sorry nags and our dilapidated chariot from being stranded in the deep sticky mud.

The country through which we travel has a wild, picturesque beauty. The hillsides are carpeted with green between the dark gray and brown rocks and here and there a little brook or rivulet, swollen by the recent rains, comes tumbling down into the valley.

We are entering Huleh, one of the most remarkable tracts of land in the world. The Jordan coming down from the north to Lake Merom spreads its waters over a vast steppe of fifteen thousand acres. Through the entire length of this plain is a narrow channel, which is the bed of the river. Streams coming down from the winter rains and the melting snows of Hermon and Lebanon, fall into this valley, which is like a basin encircled by a wall of mountains and convert it into a swampy morass, breeding fever and pestilence.

Immense flocks of crows and wild ducks circle overhead and on the stony slopes on either side of the valley. Half wild Bedouins live in huts of plaited and woven reeds and subsist on what they manage to scrape from the soil with their wooden plows, and on what they bring down with their rifles from among the wild birds of the marsh.

It has been stated by experts that the Huleh basin, consisting of 16,000 acres of extremely fertile marshland, if drained and irrigated by an adequate system of canals and planted with alfalfa, could furnish pasturage for 5000 head of cattle.

Herds of cattle and flocks of goats graze around each village and lie in the mud among the huts.

Gradually the road begins to ascend and we climb and climb, trudging along wearily on foot most of the way, while darkness descends on us and the stars come out, and I have to walk in front of the panting horses with my little pocket flashlight, that an angel of a friend bestowed on me in Amer-

ica, and thus light up the narrow, stony road and save us from tumbling over a precipice.

At last we see the lights of a village and about eight in the evening we tramp into Metullah, the northermost outpost of the Jewish colonies, situated on the frontier of Dan, eighteen hundred feet above sea level.

---

Metullah is a picturesque highland village, perched on the shoulder of a mountain. You stand in the middle of its single thoroughfare and the snowcapped Lebanons loom up before you, while on your right is the white sugar-loaf cap of Hermon.

The houses on either side of the street are single story stone, red-tile-roofed dwellings, each containing about three rooms and housing an average of eight individuals. The location is magnificent and the climate exceedingly salubrious, were it not for the mosquito pest which has saturated the inhabitants with malaria. Nearly all the children and many of the adults suffer from Trachoma for which they receive no regular and methodical treatment. The epidemics of eye inflammation that sweep over Palestine every summer and autumn do not spare Metullah. With adequate sanitation and the extermination of the mosquito, Metullah could become the health resort of Palestine and, in fact, before the outbreak of the war, plans had been made for the erection of a Sanitarium here.

At present the colony is in well-nigh destitute state. The villagers are impoverished by the ravages of war. Their live stock has nearly all been stolen or confiscated. They are sadly lacking in medical aid and seriously sick patients have to be transported by wagon to Tiberius or Beyrouth, a rough and difficult journey of many hours.

The beaten and retreating Turks have wreaked their malice on many Jewish settlements, but Metullah seems to have received more than her share of brutal treatment. The

clean, wholesome, quiet little hotel, where we have put up during our stay here has been the scene of inquisitorial tortures that would have brought the blush of shame to Torquemada's cheek.

Let us listen as the stout, motherly landlady tells the story in her own way:

"Here around this little table where you are sitting now, the Turkish and Arab officers used to sit during their frequent and never to be forgotten visits of inspection to Metullah

"Many of our people were arrested and brought before them on trumped-up espionage charges, and here they were placed, crowded together against the wall. The Chief Commissioner would call out a name from a list in his hand. The poor Jew was seized by the gendarme and dragged before him. "Tell us what you know and who has helped you in your rascally business." The Jew was innocent and could only plead for mercy.

He was hustled into the adjoining room and there he was whipped with horsehide until his screams and shrieks died away as he fainted under the lashes of his tormentors.

And so it went on for weeks and months. It has made my hair gray to live through it. Many unhappy ones from here and elsewhere were dragged away to Damascus. Some of them died like dogs on the way; some were hung; most of them never came back."

---

After examining the school children and most of the villagers, I stroll away to get a closer view of the countryside. On the outskirts of the village a number of young Jewish girls in blue gingham dresses and white kerchiefs tied around their heads, are working in the fields. They belong to a co-operative group of women, who live together in the larger building at the end of the street near the quaint little brown schoolhouse.

They are an optimistic set of girls, most of them intel-

ligent and well educated, and their courage continues unflinching, despite illness and hardship and deprivation.

The country hereabouts is full of bubbling springs in the winter months. During this time the land is green and refreshing to the eye.

In the long, dry, hot summer, the streams cease to flow and the springs dry up and the land becomes brown and gray.

I trudge along until I reach the brink of a deep chasm, at the bottom of which flows a swift foaming stream. I follow along the edge of the canyon, admiring the wonderful cascade and rapids. Here is a picturesque mill, deep down in the ravine, its huge wheel being whirled around by the miniature Niagara. I follow the narrow path and clamber and slide down into the gorge. From the depths I look up with awe and admiration at the unequalled splendor and beauty of the cataract, which drops like a lily-white bridal veil between two perpendicular walls of ruddy brown three hundred feet high.

---

I was awakened before sunrise by the beating of the rain against the roof of the attic in which I slept. I arose, poured some ice cold water over my face and hands and dressed and breakfasted in the dim morning light.

Outdoors it is very murky and muddy and gloomy, as we drive out of Metullah, our faces turned southward. About an hour later, we reach Talcha, a little, co-operative colony of eight souls, living and working under very difficult and unsanitary conditions.

Outside of the colony, a Bedouin tribe is encamped in their huts of rushmats and goathair cloth. I visit one of the huts. The inmates are seated on the ground around a little fire of twigs and thistles, which the women cut and gather and carry, tied in huge bundles on their heads.

One of the women is baking bread on a flat stone heated over the crackling fire. She takes a ball of dough flattens it out into a very thin round cake and drops it on the hot stone. She turns it over a few times and the baking is completed.

These Bedouins are shepherds, tending the immense flocks of sheep, belonging to one of the very wealthy Arab Effendis, who are the feudal lords of these serfs and dwell in Oriental luxury and indolence in Damascus and Beyruth.

---

Beyond Talcha, we skirt Huleh again. Overhead there is a flopping of countless wings. An army of ravens are flying together, like a living cloud. The cloud assumes all sorts of weird and fantastic shapes, now stretching itself out thin and wide and suddenly shrinking together again and dropping like a meteor on the ground in search of food. In a few moments, as if in response to a given signal, they rise all together and soar away, the flapping of their wings sounding like the pattering of raindrops on the dead leaves in a forest.

We are approaching Lake Merom, lying tranquil and beautiful amidst the green hills. I climb out of the diligence and walk along the shore of the lake, dense with reeds and papyrus.

Flocks of wild ducks are swimming about peacefully and here and there a stately pelican stands deep in the water with its long beak and delicately curved neck, poised ready to dive into the depths for the unsuspecting fish.

---

Yesod Hamaalah is a colony of about two hundred souls on the shore of Lake Merom. Here we have the usual long, wide, muddy street, with its two rows of one-story, stone houses. The mud is brown and sticky and so deep that you sink into it to your knees and your boots become two heavy, gigantic clods of mother earth. It is everywhere, outdoors and indoors, on man and on beast.

This colony is one of those belonging to Baron Rothschild and administered by the Jewish Colonial Association. This form of administration with its factors and intermediaries and agents has well nigh killed off all initiative and stunted all progress.

Still the inhabitants are very hopeful and the expression

which one hears most frequently is, "We are rid of the Turk, our bitterest enemy and our greatest obstacle; now we can expect that our labors and efforts will not have been in vain."

The landscape around Lake Merom would delight the heart of every lover of beauty of nature. The foliage is semi-tropical. There are fig and olive and orange groves and majestic palms and shady alleys of gigantic trees.

Hard by the colony there is an Arab village of huts, built of sunbaked mud and dung, with a picturesque stone mosque in its midst. Half naked children swarm about and women with tatooed faces eye you curiously. Some of the young ones are tall and graceful and beautiful as Shulamiths, though their raven black hair is unkempt and their supple limbs are wrapped in tattered garments and their dark faces are unwashed. But their teeth are like two rows of ivory and their features are regular and finely chiselled. However, they age early and the older women are as ugly as hags.

The filth here is indescribable and the health conditions proportionately bad. All plans for the sanitary improvement of Palestine must reckon with the Arabs living in villages, towns and districts in close proximity to the Jews.

Yesod Hamaalah is built in the midst of swamps and the climate has claimed and gathered its toll from among the settlers. Near the outskirts of the village, there is an orange grove, through which I cut across on my way to the Lake. In the midst of it stands a long, low, ramshackle building, its windows broken, its walls tumbling down and its doors hammered up with boards and shingles. The rows of trees stretching out for acres in every direction, are stunted and barren of fruit. Thorns and weeds and wild shrubs choke up the paths between the trees. For fifteen years a colonist dwelt here with his family.

They planted the orchard with their own hands, tended and nurtured it untiringly, and the young plants grew and thrived under their loving care, and after a few years commenced to yield their golden fruit.

Then came the typhus and robbed the family of its mother and one of the sons already enfeebled by malaria. The father and the remaining son continued at their posts, but their hearts were heavy and the little home was a very sad and neglected place. A letter came from Australia from an uncle offering the son a fine and remunerative position on his farm.

The young man hesitated, loathe to abandon the homestead and the careworn father. Several months elapsed and another letter came with still more glowing promises. This time the son yielded and went away across the sea.

Letters came from him frequently, imploring the father to leave the lonesome, fever-ridden home. The old man worked on, in his beloved orange grove, but his strength grew feebler and the fruits of his labor, less and less.

Finally he could work no more, and he too turned his footsteps away from the homestead and the graves of his dear ones and the hills of his beloved Palestine, to which he had come; a young, enthusiastic pioneer and which he now abandoned; a lonely, broken and prematurely aged man.

While visiting the homes of the colonists, I made the acquaintance of a family of Russian converts to Judaism. They come from southern Russia, having left their home, a generation ago, to escape from persecution, incurred by their observance of the seventh day Sabbath.

In Palestine they as well as other Sabbathniks separated entirely from the Greek church and entered the fold of Judaism. They are a simple, intelligent, hospitable, hard-working people; speak Hebrew fluently and observe the Jewish laws rigidly.

Among the inhabitants of Yessad Hamaalah are also a number of Sephardi families. Their homes are much cleaner and neater than those of the other Jewish colonists, but in other respects in their modes of life and their oriental ways, they resemble the Arabs more than they do the Ashkenazi Jews. Still they live together amicably. Their children at-

tend the common village Hebrew school and they help each other in ploughing the fields and bringing in the harvest.

Before leaving we rowed across to the Arab settlement adjoining Yessod on Lake Merom. We were received by the venerable Sheikh and most of the male and female members of the village. The hut of the Sheikh, also built of sun-baked mud, is a little more spacious and pretentious than the others; nevertheless we preferred to stay outside and here, seated in a circle we partook of thick black coffee in tiny cups, and little cakes of sweetened dough.

After examining and treating a number of the Arabs, we departed accompanied by a large retinue of curious, half-naked dirty, brown children and the thanks and blessing of the community.

We drove out of Yessod Hamaalah early in the afternoon, and reached Rosh Pinah at nightfall, a very tired and hungry party of travellers.

I had been walking uphill a great part of the distance as our horses were hauling the wagon with great difficulty through the clayey mud and I strolled along leisurely behind the diligence, stopping now and then to gather some flowers that grew wild by the roadside; purple and crimson anemones, iris, cyclamen, narcissus and some fragrant pink roses from a bush that bowed its head at me, alluringly over a stone wall by the wayside. And so in honor of the New Year, our dinner table in the bare and gloomy dining room of the little hotel at Rosh Pinah was graced by a bouquet of dainty flowers gathered in mid-winter.

The town of Safed is reached by an ascent of about fifteen hundred feet from Rosh Pinah, over a narrow stony precipitous, bridle path. As we climbed higher and higher the view became more vast and magnificent.

Far beneath us, framed in a circle of mountains lies Lake Kinnereth, placid and mirror-like with Tiberias, like a little grey patch on its green shore. Here is the rounded headed mountain Tabor and beyond stretches the Carmel chain, and



to the north the snow-white caps of Lebanon and Hermon glisten in the sunlight.

Our wiry sure-footed steeds carry us higher and higher until Safed lies before us, a grand and picturesque panorama. Now we descend and our guide indicates the various quarters of the city; the moslem, the Jewish and the Christian, each separate and aloof from the other as if in fear of contamination.

The descent into the city is very steep, the stony path has now become a slippery cobblestone staircase, through a narrow, crooked street.

I don't think we make a very graceful group, sitting back, stiff and rigid in our saddles, and it is with a sigh of infinite relief, that we finally stop and alight at the gate of the Jewish Hospital.

Of the eight thousand Jewish souls in Safed, prior to the War, only three thousand are left. Three thousand have died of hunger and pestilence and the rest have fled the country. The town is full of little orphans, many of them homeless and destitute.

In one school, late in the afternoon, the teacher dismissed more than half the number of tots, immediately after my examination, "Run along to the synagogue, you have to say Kaddish" (prayer for the souls of the departed).

It is pitiful to see these thin, yellow, wizened children, with their solemn, appealing faces framed in the straggling, unkempt hair and long curly earlocks.

The Jewish community of Safed has for years, subsisted on the Hallukah charity from abroad and when that charity was cut off by the War the rotten fabric collapsed and people sold their homes and belongings to the Arabs for a miserable pittance, while little children in the streets died for want of a crust of bread.

The problem of Safed is the problem of the entire Jewish population of Palestine.

Healthful, livable conditions and useful remunerative

labor is the solution. Filth must be disposed of. Water must be provided. Swamps and marshes must be drained. The horrible sickening stench-saturated districts unfit for human habitation must be demolished and new homes constructed.

Malaria and trachoma, affecting the majority of the people and impairing their physical and mental vitality, must be combated. And above all, the blot of pauperization, with the degradation and degeneracy following in its wake, must be eradicated. In brief;—healthful conditions and useful occupations.

---

A noted philanthropist, while visiting Safed, received a delegation of local citizens in audience. He said to them:

"I would like to see more of our people digging the earth. Are any of you following that noble calling?" "Yes indeed, most honored Lord," responded a couple of sallow-faced, stoop-shouldered Chassidim. "We are the Chevra Kaddisha." (Society of grave-diggers).

---

There is a beautiful public garden in Rosh Pinah and I spent several hours strolling about in it. Here is a profusion of luxuriant semi-tropical foliage on terraces graded around a central fountain. Rows of banana palms and fig and eucalyptus, side by side with the pine and poplar of the northern clime.

Flowers grow wild everywhere, but the garden wears an air of sad neglect and inattention. However it a charming and tranquil retreat, and refreshing to jaded spirits and flagging courage and to the bitterness of many disappointments and disillusionments.

Very early this morning when I arose and looked out of my window, I saw in the valley, far below, a vast field of fleecy snow. It was a marvelous spectacle, the snow-white sheet and the green mountain slopes around it. Gradually the eastern sky became illuminated by the red and golden sunrise and as if by the touch of a magic wand, the white field,

stretching as far as the eye could reach, lifted and floated and melted away, and I perceived that what I had marvelled at had been a vapory cloud, which had settled down on the valley and had enveloped it as in a sheet of snow.

The little town of Migdal is beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Kinnereth, an hours drive from Tiberias. Cotton, bananas, pineapples and other semi-tropical fruits flourish here in profusion.

Unfortunately the swampy nature of the land fosters the mosquito, and malaria is very prevalent, causing considerable illness and suffering.

---

I met a very interesting old man here. A white-bearded old Patriarch in a sheep-skin cap and high boots and a peasant blouse and breeches, with a girdle around the waist.

Twenty-five years ago he came over from Russia, bringing with him a little fortune. This he distributed among various communistic and co-operative colonies.

With a team of horses and a plough he took his place in the field among his comrades; working-men and women. Since that time his career has been a checkered one. He has been a Shomer (guard) and several scars of slashes and rifle wounds bear mute witness to numerous and sanguinary encounters with Arab marauders. Now in the evening of his life he is a night-watchman at Migdal, being incapacitated by age and malaria from arduous labor in the fields. Here as we sit on the low stone wall and look over the valley of the deep blue Lake Kinnereth, to the majestic mountains of Jaulon beyond and to the vast plateau of Hauran he weaves his dreams of a network of co-operative colonies, stretching far and wide throughout the length and breadth of the land, of settlements of co-operative groups, linked together by common ideas, sharing equally the fruits of their labor and working in harmony toward the social and economic advancement of the state.

Early this morning we journeyed in a boat over the Sea of Galilee to Kinnereth. There is a little wooden dock at Tiberias where the fishermen bring in their hauls and sell them in the nearby stalls. Here the fish lie in huge piles and the women crowd and haggle and bargain with the fishermen over the weights and prices. It is a motley, yelling, gesticulating shouting, oriental crowd.

We crossed the Lake in a huge boat, rowed by six, swarthy, villainous-looking Arabs.

The long heavy oars dip rythmically and regularly with the water, and the clumsy heavy boat glides along swiftly, while our boatmen keep time with a weird monotonous chant.

The beauty and charm of the sunlit water and the green undulating shores baffle description. I have never seen a sky so blue, nor a view so clear and vast nor ever bared my head to a breeze so pure and refreshing as on the sacred, historic, little Sea.

We landed on the shore of the Kinnereth colony and ascended the terraced hillside of the village. The day is very warm and we can form a conception of the intense heat that makes life almost unbearable and work almost impossible here during the summer.

After making our examinations of the villagers and inspecting their homes which belong to the usual type of square-stone, red-tile-roofed, three room dwelling found in the other colonies, we walk out of the village across the almond and olive groves and past the vegetable gardens, cultivated by a co-operative group of farm workers. We reach the Jordan at its point of outlet from the Lake.

This fascinatingly beautiful region is a nuasmatic swamp, breeding fever and pestilence for the torment of the colonists and the natives.

Within a stone's throw of the Jordan's swiftly flowing current and a few minutes' walk from the colony Kinnereth, stands a row of small dismal huts into which the fresh air and sunlight never penetrates.

Seven years ago fifty Yemenites were brought from their home in southern Arabia and planted here. Since then twenty-seven of them have been laid away in the hillside graveyard; victims of the fever and the miserable conditions under which people live.

These industrious, hard working vestiges of a once virile and robust race, are degenerating under the baneful spell of malaria and tuberculosis, and the vitality-sapping conditions of life.

As the evening advanced we found we could not return by boat, as the Lake had become very rough. Our party decided to ride back to Tiberias immediately.

A stony, rutty road that had once been a broad, smooth Chaussee when Herod was wont to drive his chariot over to his winter villa on the Lake, budged off alone, over the winding road that runs along the coast as far as the town.

It is a clear night though the moon is but a crescent, and I swing along cheerily while the white crested waves are beating a merry tune on the rocky shore.

Now and anon I meet a fellach on his donkey, while Mrs. Fellach trudges along behind, carrying the family possession on her head. Or I suddenly find myself approaching a gloomy, sinister, muffled figure on horseback, a line of camels marching by, swaying back and forth to the rhythmic tinkling of the little bells around their necks.

At last, on rounding a curve, I perceive the lights of Tiberias, and soon my five-mile walk is over. I strongly recommend it to all kindred spirits who love solitude and the sound of a stormy sea beating against a rocky shore, and the sight of the broad open road in the pale moonlight and the kiss of the playful breeze on the neck and brow.

---

Bethania is a deserted village several miles out of Tiberias.

A few mongrel wolf-like dogs prowl around among the empty houses and a half dozen unkempt, tattered Sephardi

make up the total population.

Five years ago the settlement was founded at great cost and effort. Fifty men and women came here to realize their hope of an ideal home and occupation in the land of their fathers. A few fell sick with fever, then a few more, until in a short space of time all the members of the little community were suffering from malaria.

They could not work, and the fields were left untilled and the ploughs rusted in the barns. And hunger came and added its pangs to the torments of ague, until finally the colony disbanded and everyone fled to kinder and more congenial soil.

Such is the story of Bethania, an experience oft repeated in Palestine, wherever a colony is planted without regard to health conditions and without previous adequate drainage and sanitation.

Beyond Bethania we passed the massive ruins of a bridge across the Jordan, built by the Romans and rebuilt by the crusaders. I sat with the driver, a husky bronzed young lad who had much to relate of his experiences as a Shomer with the Arab raiders who during the Turkish regime, would frequently descend upon the fields of the colonists and rob and steal and even kill.

The robbing of a pair of mules, the raiding of a field would precipitate a fight and whenever Arab blood was shed the Shomerin knew that one of their number was doomed, and they always rode, night and day, with eyes alert and rifle cocked and ready.

After a brief stay in the colony of Milchaniah, we drove through a long lane of fragrant Nimosa, and commenced on our ascent out of the Jordan valley.

As we climb up into the mountains, we behold the broad semi-tropical valley at our feet with the sacred river winding through it on its serpentine trail, to the Dead Sea.

It is green and beautiful to behold in winter, but in summer it is an intolerably hot infernal cauldron, over which the fiery

blasting breath of the Sirocca blows from the eastern desert, or clouds of white, chalky blinding, choking dust sweep from the western mountains.

---

This morning we woke at Yemma, in a little inn, where we had put up for the night. I had slept but middling well, owing to a goodly number of tiny crawling visitors, who had honored me with their company in my bed. After breakfast we examined the children in the schoolhouse and found them a set of bright, intelligent merry youngsters, despite the fact that many of them are afflicted with malaria and trachoma. I admire particularly the pretty garden and vegetable patch in front of the school, planted and cared for by the children.

From the school, we set out visiting each house in the settlement and found them fairly comfortable, though lacking considerably in cleanliness and neatness.

The Yemma colonists have also suffered during the war years, which accounts for the delapidated state of their houses, barns and garden patches.

During the afternoon we climbed up six hundred feet, to Poreah, a colony of about sixty souls, some of them hailing from America. The settlement is situated on a mountain overlooking Lake Galilee twelve hundred feet below, and the Jordan valley with Kinnereth and Daganiah and Bethania and various Arab villages nestling here and there like patches of red and brown and grey amid the deep green of the hills and plains.

Poreah has a very healthy situation, yet the inhabitants are suffering exceedingly from malaria owing to the impure cisterns, in which the rainwater is conserved for the long dry summer and which are excellent breeding places for the anopheles mosquito.

The colony is almost hidden away in the midst of thick groves of almond trees planted a few years ago. Its broad rich fields are well tilled and yield abundant harvests.

After spending several pleasant hours with the genial and hospitable Poreahans very much devoted to their beautiful little

colony, I bade them farewell and rode back to Yemma in the moonlight.

Next day we drove out of Yemma, ascending a rough narrow stony road. The country is very rocky and ghastly white limestone crops out here and there between the green patches. Our driver points his whip at the mantle of clouds enveloping the head of Mount Hermon, and prophesies a heavy rain shower.

We speed up our panting mules and in the forenoon we reach Sarona, a colony owned by a corporation of Chicago Zionists, and cultivated by a group of a dozen working men and women. It is situated in the middle of a vast fertile healthful plateau, about one thousand feet above sea level. Two thousand dunans are under cultivation for wheat and barley.

An hour's drive from Sarona, brings us to Kaphr Kama, a picturesque settlement of Georgians from the Caucasus. Early in the afternoon we drive into Sedgera, situated on the slope of a hill at the rim of a plateau.

This colony numbers one hundred and fifty souls and cultivates fifteen thousand dunans of land. Adjoining the colony there is a village of about three hundred Arabs, among whom live a number of Jews from Kurdistan.

These Kurdish Jews interested me very much, and I visited some of their homes. They are a wretched miserable people, living in a state of abject poverty and filth. They perform all sorts of menial work for the colonists, receiving extremely low wages. Otherwise their European brethren have nothing whatsoever to do with them.

Their half-naked, barefooted children are not permitted in the Hebrew school and they have no synagogue. Neither do they attend the house of prayer in the colony. In mode of life and appearance they are hardly distinguishable from the Arabs, except that many of their children have beautiful Auburn hair which contrasts strikingly with their swarthy skins and dark eyes.

At four in the afternoon we left Sedgera and skirting Mount Tabor, we reached Mescha at the foot of the mountain, just as the first stars peeped out and in time to hear the Cantor and the



little congregation chanting the Sabbath eve services as we drove past the open door of the house of prayer.

---

Mescha is a thriving colony of two hundred people, having ten thousand dunams under cultivation. The staple product here as well as in the surrounding colonies is grain, though several hundred dunams are devoted to the culture of almonds, grapes and oranges.

I found a good many Arabs strolling about in the village and I discovered that many Arab families live in the stables in the rear of the courtyards behind the colonists' dwellings.

The cattle, horses and mules are kept on one side of the barn and on the other side mounds of duhrra, heaps of straw and a fellach couple, with half-dozen children. The health conditions particularly as regards malaria and trachoma are extremely bad among the colonists, and considerably worse among these natives living in the stables and working as herdsmen and farm hands in the colony.

I felt tired and sick at heart after my morning's work, particularly as I had slept very poorly the previous night. The village apothecary had honored me with an invitation to accept the hospitality of his roof. I did so, gratefully, not at all relishing the appearance of the inn at which we stopped.

The family parlor was placed at my disposal. A couch was metamorphosed into a bed and a mountain of pillows and feather beds piled upon it. We sat up for a long hour, cracking almonds and chatting of Zionism and world politics, and then I took a candle and proceeded to retire.

I climbed up on to my couch and buried myself in the feather bed. I dozed off and began to dream of home when I suddenly felt a stinging sensation in the back of my neck. I made a hasty and thorough search, which resulted in the finding and disposing of the invader.

I lay back with a deep sigh of relief and prepared to go off to sleep again, when I began to feel myself attacked in various quarters. I realized that the first invader had been but one of a

scouting party, and that now an entire army was attacking.

After a brief but vain defense, I climbed down from my entrenchments, lit a candle, and spent the rest of the night, reading and dozing alternately until the welcome light of the dawn streamed in through the window.

At breakfast, my kind host and hostess asked me solicitously whether I had slept well, and I answered, may heaven pardon me, "that never had I enjoyed so sweet a slumber."

The prophecy of rain which our driver had made yesterday from the veil of cloud hanging over the head of Hermon was realized to-day when the flood gates of heaven were opened and a heavy torrent threatened to deluge the earth. We were warned that if the rain continued long, the roads would become impassable, and so we decided not to tarry any longer but to start immediately. At three in the afternoon, with the downpour at its heaviest, we piled into the diligence and open peasant cart, huddling together under pieces of canvas and drove out of Mescha.

Three hours of travelling through mud and ditches and swollen Wadys, brought us to the colony Merchavia, after night-fall.

Merchavia stands on the edge of the fertile vale of Esdraelon. It was established eight years ago as a co-operative colony by Franz Oppenheim, on land owned by the National Fund. Since then its life has been full of trials and vicissitudes.

Various difficulties and complications arose. Disagreements among the members of the colony and dissatisfaction with the conditions and with the results attained after much toil and effort, together with deprivation and illness, frequently threatened the co-operation with shipwreck.

The war added its burdens and sufferings to the over-loaded scale and the co-operation dissolved and the members disbanded.

Within the last year, the Zionist organization, through its local executive body, the Misrad, took hold of the reins of Merchavia, and established here a Cvoutza (group), consisting of twenty-five young men and women.

They cultivate about five thousand dunam, raising grain, vegetables and dairy products. Each member of the group receives one hundred and twenty-five francs per month and an equal share of the profit of the colony, at the end of the year.

It rained heavily all day, and the great court-yard became an almost impassable morass. Nevertheless we managed to perform our work both in the colony proper and in the adjacent village, settled by a number of Jewish colonist families.

I wore my military greatcoat and high military rubber boots and waded through the mud from house to house. In almost every home we found some member of the family down with fever, and even of those who walk around and perform their daily tasks, a great many are having active symptoms of malaria.

With me, on my round of visits, went a young woman who serves here as nurse and apothecary. She is a slim wisp of a girl with rich blond hair and steel grey eyes, and a dainty little nose, half inclined to be snub. I walk by her side and feel ashamed to be wearing my high rubber boots and waterproof coat, while she trips from stone to stone, or wades through puddles in a pair of shoes, rather out at the heel, and out dressed in shabby tailor-suit with an old tam-o-shanter set jauntily on her graceful head.

She says laughingly in answer to my offer of the coat, that she enjoys the rain and does not mind the mud a bit. Six years ago she was a girl of seventeen, living with her family in one of the colonies. "I was brought up a petted and spoilt child by an over-indulgent and wealthy father. I was waited on from morning till night, had fine clothes, private teachers, plenty of books and delightful friends. Then I became acquainted with some members of a group of girls working in the fields of the colony. I found them utterly different from the set in which I had moved.

"I found them idealistic, self-sacrificing, broadminded and free as the wind that came down from the mountains. They were not hampered by conventions of fad or fashion. They were not burdens to anyone but self-reliant and self-sustaining.

"Their national aspirations were lofty, sincere and intense,

and for those ideals they were ready to suffer, and did suffer all sorts of hardships and privations.

"I came to a decision that meant an estrangement between me and my parents and resulted in my leaving the shelter of my father's roof. The group welcomed me into its midst and I became "comrade Sarah."

"We went to a colony in Galilee and worked there for two years. It was a pestilential place and I was assigned with a half-dozen other girls to the task of planting eucalyptus trees in the great swamp on the outskirts of the colony.

"Every other day another girl worked by my side, taking the place of the one prostrated with fever. Every day I worked on, standing knee deep in the mud, with the tormenting mosquitoes stinging my face and neck and hands

"Each morning, with the sunrise, I vowed that I would stick to the task, until it was finished; fever or no fever. There was another girl who took the vow also, little Deborah, frail and small as a child but of undaunted courage and indomitable will. The fever was already in her blood, as it was in mine. We ate quinine regularly and took each other's pulse anxiously.

"I saw that she was giving way under the effect of the illness and the work and the want of proper food. "Stay home and rest up a bit," I pleaded, but she laughed at my anxiety and went out into the swamp.

"And one day we had to carry her in. Poor little Deborah. We carried her in and a few days later, we carried her out and buried her in the little graveyard on the hillside.

"I finished my work and left the place, ill and feeble. When you pass through that colony, you will see a majestic grove of eucalyptus trees, where formerly the deathly swamp had sent forth poisonous vapors and virulent mosquitoes.

"You will find one tree standing solitary and aloof from the rest. I planted it the day after little Deborah died and occasionally I make a pilgrimage to the hallowed spot.

"I have never quite recovered from the fever I contracted then, and the labor of the fields proved too arduous for me. My group

always helped me and assigned the lighter tasks to my share and I continued working and living and dreaming with them until the war broke out and we were torn asunder and scattered. Then I found an opportunity to learn practical nursing which I have always loved, and during the last two years I have been devoting myself entirely to this work; going wherever "comrade Sarah" is most needed."

Such is the tale of this charming little blond girl, as she pilots me about through the dormitories of the workers, through the homes of the colonists and through the huts of the swarthy Yemenites and Sephardis.

In the afternoon, four mules, harnessed tandem fashion to a huge hay wagon, conveyed us and our bundles to the railroad station at Fould. We piled into the waiting freight train, happy and thankful to find shelter from the streaming rain, under the roof of the cattle car.

At eight in the evening we pulled into the Haifa station, where the glare of electric lights and the din of ringing bells, and the chug-chug of motor trucks and the whistling of locomotives, and the rushing back and forth of officers and porters, were welcome sights and sounds to eyes and ears benumbed by the silence and monotony of plain and marsh, and the drabness of the long muddy road.

Haifa is a miniature Alexandria. Some parts of it are beautiful. The German colony in which my hotel is situated, is the cleanest and most attractive residential quarter that I have so far seen in Palestine.

A long boulevard runs through the colony, lined with rows of shady trees. The houses are spacious and handsomely constructed; surrounded by pretty and well-tended gardens.

Almost the entire German colony has been requisitioned by the military authorities, for officers' quarters.

We drive through the bazaar with its little shops, where the merchants sit crosslegged, smoking their nargilehs. And here and there we see a more pretentious establishment, modelled and conducted after the European pattern.

Haifa is the future commercial centre of Palestine. Its port can, by means of the construction of a breakwater, become one of the finest harbors in the world.

On one side of the city is the magnificent bay, its shore dotted with groups of white-walled, red-roofed houses amidst semi-tropical foliage. And on the other side towers the long, green ridge of Mount Carmel, like a giant, guarding the little city at its feet.

In the evening at the dinner table, I was surprised to meet Dr. F., late of the Z. M. U., and Mr. X, who had entertained the members of our party during our stay in Cairo. F. has resigned his post and the two are travelling together through Palestine, making plans for development and construction work in the interests of a million pound corporation which they say they have organized.

Rather a curiously assorted pair. F. with his receding forehead and disappearing chin, over which the nose and lips protrude, the latter adorned by an infinitesimal, but carefully kept moustache. F. says "I have given up practice for good, I'm through with it. Palestine needs development, houses, roads, bridges and we are going to build them. In ten years from now, my friend, you won't recognize Palestine," and he patronizingly smiles at me and twirls the stunted blond growth over his lip. During the conversation, Mr. X. reclines in his easy chair, his elephantine bulk folded comfortably away, sipping a cup of Turkish coffee and puffing at a nargileh.

A red fez sits jauntily over one ear, the little eyes are half closed, but watching you slyly, and the greasy face over which the swarthy skin is stretched taut wears a look of beatific peace and satisfaction.

Mr. X. says, "Have some wine, have some cognac, take something. Don't be so confoundedly serious. Here F. strike up a tune on the piano, and let's imagine ourselves back in dear old Cairo. Why worry always about ideals and principles? Everybody here is full of ideals and principles. Fiddlesticks! These things won't hold water. Make all the money you can and get

all the joy and fun out of life. Them's my ideals and principles."

And Mr. X. practices what he preaches. Cairo has much to tell about how he has accumulated his wealth. He never shrank from any lucre no matter how filthy and he never scrupled at any trade or venture, no matter how dishonest or immoral.

---

We drove up to Mt. Carmel and gazed down upon picturesque Haifa, resting peacefully on the shore of the beautiful bay of Acre.

Sailboats, fishing smacks and here and there an ocean steamer dot the deep blue water of the bay, while on the other shore we can faintly discern the outlines of the old city of Acre, and far beyond, against the horizon, are the snow-capped Lebanons and white peak of Hermon.

Mount Carmel is one of the beauty spots of the world. There is a charm and fascination in its grandeur and solitude, in its groves of cypress and pine, in its glens and shady retreats. If I should ever wish to retire from the world, I would seek seclusion and tranquility in a cool, green, peaceful, quiet little cypress grove hidden away somewhere on Carmel.

Here from my retreat, I would watch the coming and going of the ships in the bay. I could behold the city, bustling and active and growing stronger and more prosperous from day to day. I could see the speeding trains, bearing their burdens of passengers and merchandise to and from the city, and to the north the hoary Kishon, winding its serpentine way to the sea.

While driving back to the hotel, we came upon a gang of several hundred Egyptian laborers, marching by, singing at the top of their voices. These men are going home after six months of service here and their joy is indescribable.

They march along holding each other's hands, singing and dancing and cavorting, and yelling with all the strength of their lungs. Verily it is good to be "going home!"

---

To-day we drove to Acre, a ten-mile journey along the shore of the Bay.

The day is beautiful and mild and the drive on the sand, lapped by the waves of the sea is pleasant and enchanting.

We meet a caravan of camels swinging along majestically, loaded with merchandise and military supplies. Fishermen are casting and pulling in their nets. Here a group of swarthy Arabs are bathing in the surf.

Donkeys and carts, footmen and horsemen are passing and repassing over the strip of silver sand between the shimmering sea and the tall stately palm trees.

The city of Acre becomes more distant, its domes and minarets standing sharply outlined, against the blue sky. A wall encircles the town, on land and sea, and its towers and turrets bear evidence of crusading battles.

Richard the Lion Heart captured Acre and the city was the last crusader stronghold to be recaptured by Saladin. Napoleon also laid siege to Acre, but retired discomfited. The city is picturesque, though squalid and poor. Its narrow devious streets and bazaars have not yet felt the touch of the magic Western wand.

The finest impression I carried away with me, of Haifa was the magnificent Polytechnicum building situated amidst beautiful grounds on a hill affording a panoramic view of the city and the Bay.

At eleven in the forenoon we left Haifa, and travelling through the plain of Sharon, by train and partly by wagon and mules, we reached the colony of Zichron Yakob or Zimmarin, at two in the afternoon.

Zichron Yakob is a colony established about thirty-seven years ago, by families from Roumania and Russia. It now numbers upward of one thousand souls including about one hundred Yemenites. The settlement is fairly thriving and prosperous and cultivates about 30,000 dunams (7,800 acres) of land devoted to grain, oranges, olives and grapes.

Most of the land here as well as in many of the other col-



onies belongs to Baron Rothschild and is administered by the Jewish Colonization Association, through its agent.

The colonist receives a parcel of land which he can till for a number of years, paying a small rental per annum, and receiving a loan of money with which to carry on his work.

Or he can arrange to pay for his farm, in small yearly installments.

Nearly every institution and public work here, has been built and carried on by the Baron's money. You visit the little hospital built by the Baron, and when you ask the reason for its sad state of bareness and neglect, you are told that the Turks have ripped everything out and the Baron has not yet supplied the money for restoring and replacing.

The colonists are not interested in the hospital. The institution is used mainly by the farm laborers, who, when they fall ill, have no means wherewith to secure medical care and nursing, and are brought under the sheltering roof of the hospital.

We saw one young lad who had been injured while at work in the field. His master immediately replaced him with another (an Arab) and the boy, homeless and destitute, was carried into the institution by some friends.

Such is the apathy and indifference of the colonist, bred and fostered by a pauperizing philanthropy. His motto is: "What is not of use to me or my family, does not concern me, and I will not pay a single shilling for any work or any institution or any improvement that I can coax or cajole the Baron or the Zionist organization into paying for."

You drive along a road, still in a state of passability, and you are told, "this was built by the Baron." You cross a quaint stone, arched bridged over a wady and you discover that this too was constructed by the same kind genius.

You stop at a ruined building by the roadside. You find, upon entering that it is the remains of a very substantial bathhouse, now minus windows, doors and roof.

A short distance beyond, you come to a large pretentious structure, intended by the Baron for a modern dairy. It, also

is in a sad state of decay and dissolution.

A short drive up the hill and you discover a building, set in the midst of a cool, shady grove, of pine and fir and balsam. This building, broad, spacious and roomy, had been erected at great expense as a convalescent home for patients recovering from malaria and other ailments.

Now an Arab squats on the bare stone floor, sifting his duhrra wheat and keeping a couple of goats away from the heap of grain. He is the director, keeper and sole occupant of the Sanitarium and the institution which was erected to fill very urgent need, and which is now in a sad state of delapidation, desolation and neglect.

On the way to Tantoura, a group of stone buildings was pointed out to us as the "Glass factory."

About twenty years ago the colonies in this vicinity decided to have a factory for the manufacture of bottles for their wine. A commission was immediately dispatched to the Baron and as a result, in the course of a few months, the glass factory became an accomplished fact.

One of the leaders among the colonists had been sent to Belgium and he returned chockfull of knowledge and with a staff of glass experts in his train. Work was started and everything went on swimmingly except for one minor detail.

The bottles insisted upon exploding as soon as they were filled with wine and corked. All sorts of tests, and experiments and processes were tried, but all in vain.

At last the project was abandoned, after the expenditure of a small fortune, and now the buildings are vacant and the machinery is rusting and useless.

The immense wine-cellars at Zichron second only to those of "Kishon le Zion" have also been constructed by capital flowing from the same inexhaustible fountain.

This establishment has really accomplished very much for the colonists, by purchasing their grapes and converting them into wine, which is then distributed throughout the world.

It is a gigantic cave, blown by dynamite out of the rock.

Over it are a series of buildings, full of wine presses, vats, casks, barrels and pipes.

At present the machinery is at a standstill and the casks are nearly empty as a result of the military occupation.

The village of Zichron Yakob is not a very attractive place although it is set in one of the beauty spots of Palestine.

Stationed on an eminence you see the ocean on one side and the vast green rolling Plain of Sharon on the other. The fields are dotted with groves of olive and almond and fig and eucalyptus, and here and there a meadow covered with a carpet of blood-red anemones.

The streets of Zichron are squalid. The fences are broken and tumbling down, and the one-story stone houses are sadly in need of painting and repair. The centre of the town is where the two streets cross each other.

Here Arabs and Jews congregate, trading and bartering and peddlers of fruit and other foodstuffs swarm about, just as in any little Ghetto quarter.

The dwellings consist of two and three rooms each, although many poor families, especially among the Yemenites, content themselves with one room which is the kitchen, dining room, bedroom and parlor of the family.

About two hundred Arab farm hands and servants live in the village and these people dwell in the stables here, just as they do in some of the other colonies.

The war and years of Turkish misrule have stamped their brand of demoralization, and indifference here as elsewhere. "Soochra" has been the bane of the colonies. Mules, foodstuffs, wagons and labor, all "soochra" (without pay) for the Turkish army. There is another word only slightly less detestable to the colonist and that is "Mukhtar."

The Turk authorities in their demand for soochra and back-sheesh did not deal with the colonists directly, but through the medium of a factor in every colony called a "Mukhtar," a sort of poisonous fungoid outgrowth of this rank form of misgovernment.

The Mukhtar was the creature who handled the bribe money and carried on all the negotiations. And he usually played the game so well that he had his paw on the throat of the colony all the time.

Not far from Zichron Yakob lie the colonies of Shveyah, Marrach, Chouni, Karkour and Bath Schlomah. All these settlements are in a sad state of backwardness and retrogression.

Arabs occupy many of the houses and till much of the land.

In Marrach, the dwellings are placed over the stables, constructed in a quadrangle around a muddy central courtyard. The Arabs live in the stables with the cattle and mules and the colonists live overhead, each family crowded into one or two rooms and the filth and unsanitary conditions are indescribable.

Almost all are suffering from malaria and trachoma.

In Chouni we found ruins of a magnificent Roman amphitheatre and the remains of a stone aqueduct conducting water from springs in this vicinity to the seaport of Caesaria.

These are some of the scanty and scattered vestiges of the splendor and prosperity of the kingdom under the reign of Herod the Great.

Near Chouni, we visited the Crocodile River nursing its sluggish course through pestilential marshes.

At Shveyah, I was very much interested in one family living in the colony for many years. The family consists of a middle aged couple and five children, two sons and three daughters. All are working very hard and their occupation is grafting Palestinian vine stalks on American stems.

The object of the grafting is to make the vine immune against the destructive phyloxera; a disease which cannot prevail against the hardy American stock.

The stem with its graft is planted in a nursery and tenderly cared for during a period of one year. Then it is transplanted into a vineyard, and in three or four years begins to yield luscious grapes.

Another pursuit of this interesting and industrious family

is silk culture. I was shown the various stages of the process. How the tiny eggs are hatched into little worms with ravenous appetites who feed on the mulberry leaves supplied to them and grow rapidly from day to day.

After about four weeks of carefully feeding the silkworm, and keeping him scrupulously clean, he commences to incarcerate himself in a cocoon. In another three weeks the cocoon is complete, and the worm punctures his way out and flies off as a beautiful butterfly, leaving the cocoon spoiled and useless.

To prevent this, one must be on the watch and as soon as the cocoon is ready, it is dipped in scalding hot water, thereby killing the worm and dissolving the cement away from the fine silk thread which can then be unravelled.

Some of the worms are permitted to develop into the butterfly stage in order to procure the eggs which are developed by the butterfly.

---

We drove out of Zichron Yakob this forenoon. On the way, we passed some mounds of stone which were pointed out to us as Turkish landmarks upon which their land measurements are based. This primitive system of surveying has been the cause of untold trouble and expense to the colonists.

A tree, a stone or a stake in the ground are used as boundary marks and the limits of a field or pasture are everlasting bones of contention, which have occasionally culminated in bloodshed.

---

Twenty-eight years ago a number of wealthy Jewish families of southern Russia, determined upon escaping from the oppression and racial discrimination of the Czar's domain, by emigrating to Palestine.

One of them was sent as an agent and emisary to purchase land and make all arrangements for the establishment of a colony. He arrived in the Holy Land in winter, and was

very much impressed by the greenness and beauty and fertility of the Plain of Sharon.

Here in Samaria, near the east-coast he purchased a large tract of land from the Arabs, and the colony of Hedera came into existence.

But there was one factor the colonists had not reckoned with, and that was malaria.

All along the coast here, the sand is driven up by the sea, and by the wind in enormous dunes. These form a barrier preventing the outflow of water from the low, flat maritime plain towards the ocean, thus converting the entire region into a vast, soggy, muddy swamp.

The colonists sickened, many died and the rest became enfeebled, discouraged and disheartened. Still they had sunk all their wealth into the settlement and with ruin staring them in the face, they were determined to fight the battle to the bitter end.

After a couple of years of bitter toil, they decided upon appealing to the Baron for help. He harkened to their call, and came to their rescue by sending large gangs of Egyptian and negro laborers under expert engineers to plant eucalyptus trees and drain the marshes around Hedera. Hundreds of men succumbed to the deadly fever. Others were sent to replace them and the work was carried on at an enormous expenditure of money and human life.

Finally a great part of the task was accomplished and the health conditions of the colony underwent a marked improvement.

Now Hedera is set into the midst of a vast picturesque eucalyptus forest. Thousands of these trees have been destroyed by the Turks in their campaign, but new green branches have begun to spring from the unsightly stumps and in a few years all traces of the vandal will have been effaced by the rapidly growing forest.

Malaria is still very prevalent in Hedera which is now a thriving colony of three hundred people, owning about thirty

thousand dunams of very fertile land, devoted mainly to orange culture and the cultivation of grain.

I occupied part of my stay in Hedera with an examination of the Yemenite settlement, located on the outskirts of the colony. Here I found about seventy Yemenites, living under the most wretched conditions, of filth, poverty and overcrowding, families of six and seven, huddled together in one small, dark, bare room.

They are paid exceedingly small wages and nearly all of them suffer from malaria and trachoma in aggravated form, while many have succumbed to tuberculosis.

Seven years ago this Yemenite Settlement was established by three hundred enthusiastic and devoted immigrants, from Yemen, in the southernmost extremity of Arabia. During the seven years, two hundred of them died, a few fled back to their old homes and seventy still remain.

I was grieved to find that the colonists here, as elsewhere are totally indifferent to the unfortunate plight of their wretched brethren.

---

Rishon-le-Zion is a colony near Jaffa, established about thirty-seven years ago, and now contains over sixteen hundred inhabitants.

It devotes itself mainly to orange, almond and vine culture. One of the largest wine cellars in the world has been erected here by "the Baron."

The village consists of a couple of intersecting streets, the main street, being a wide unpaved thoroughfare running up a hill at the top of which stands a large square. The houses are rather shabby, the streets are squalid, and no special attention or care is paid to beauty and attractiveness of exterior.

The peace and quiet of the Sabbath is resting on the colony. Men and women and children are strolling up and down the street. Many Jewish soldiers are stationed in a nearby camp, and they fraternize with the villagers, paying particular attention to the younger element of the fair sex.

Rishon, as well as so many other colonies has suffered exceedingly from the war and also from a plague of locusts that well nigh ruined the plantations about two years ago. At present the colony is well on the way to recovery.

Its plantations are very fruitful and very beautiful. The long even rows of orange trees with their deep green leaves and golden yellow fruit, the forests of almond trees, now covered with snow-white blossoms, form a beautiful and never to-be-forgotten picture.

The workers in the plantations are mainly Arabs living in the adjacent villages. At times about two thousand of them are employed by the colonists, in the vineyards and orchards.

Some Yemenite families living in wretched hovels on the outskirts of Rishon, supply the domestic help as well as a number of field laborers.

---

Petach Tikvah is the wealthiest and most populous of all the colonies in Palestine. The little town established about fifty years ago now contains three thousand inhabitants and its fifty thousand dunams of land include about one-fifth all the Jewish orange plantations in Palestine.

Arabs to the number of well nigh three thousand are employed in the colony and its plantations.

There is an anecdote that when the Baron came on a visit to Petach Tikvah all the able bodied Jewish men were mustered out, armed with spades and pitch forks, and hoes and other implements of agriculture, not an Arab was anywhere in sight.

The Baron was very much impressed by this army of Jewish tillers of the soil, until one young workingman stepped forward, and said, "My Lord, I greet you in the name of five Jewish and three thousand Arab farm laborers."

Subsequently that young "Bolshevik" lost his job, which of course, considerably reduced the number of Jewish farm laborers in Petach Tikvah.

In spite of its evident wealth and prosperity, the colony



is still the recipient of aid from the Ica and from the other outside sources for its school work, its medical aid and its other institutions.

Evidently it is very difficult to throw off the yoke of "unscrupulous charity."

---

This morning we left Jaffa for Rechoboth by automobile.

After travelling a few miles, we were halted by a detachment of soldiers who warned us of target cannonading across the road.

We stopped for a while listening to the roar of the guns and watching the explosion of the shells on the distant hills. Then we turned back and travelled through the Arab towns of Ludd, and Ramleh to the little colony of Ben Shemen.

Hereabouts is located what is left of the Herzl forest toward which thousands of pounds have been contributed by Jews from every corner of the world.

Twenty-seven thousand of the young olive trees have been destroyed by the armies that have camped and fought here.

The land belongs to the National Fund and about two thousand dunams are cultivated by a small cvoutza of young men and women.

We also paid a visit to Ekron, a colony established thirty-four years ago, and numbering four hundred inhabitants. It devotes itself mainly to the raising of grain, and judging by the poor delapidated tumbledown appearance of its homes, it is not in a thriving condition.

I found the eye affections here, the worst and most neglected of any colony in Palestine.

We returned to Rechoboth in the evening and spent the night in a little hotel, the host of which claims to be a direct lineal descendant of the House of David.

Katrah (Gedera) is situated about two hours journey from Rechoboth. This colony numbers one hundred and fifty and possesses about 5,000 dunams of land.

It was established in 1882 by a group of students from Russia, fleeing from the persecutions and pogroms of the Romanoff regime. The imposing synagogue in the centre of the village has almost been shattered and ruined by the British shells showered on it to dislodge the Turkish battery which had taken up its position in the building.

On the outskirts of Katrah are Turkish trenches and several mounds were pointed out to me, marking the spots where British bombs had exploded and slaughtered numbers of Turkish soldiers now buried under the grass hillocks.

From Katrah, we drove to Kastiniyeh, along a road lined on either side by dense hedges of thorny cactus, crossing over many deep Wadys, now pools of muddy water, but in the heavy rains becoming impassable freshets.

After examining most of the two hundred colonists living here, and assuring ourselves that here, as elsewhere, a vast amount of work and capital is required for better, more attractive homes, for schools and sanitation and medical aid, we drove back to Rechoboth.

---

I arose when the morning star still shone high and brilliant in the Jaffa sky and the eastern heaven began to show roseate glimmerings of the dawn. I dressed hastily and walked outdoors.

Tel Aviv is silent and asleep, the even rows of houses and little gardens, with their tall spectre like cypress trees look very picturesque in the dim light. Out of Tel Aviv, I come abruptly into a quarter of crooked, vile-smelling lanes and tumbledown shacks, slapped together, of old boards and rusty, tin cans.

Here dwell the Semenites and Sephardis as well as many poor Ashkenazi Jews. I hasten through this district wading through the moist deep sand and soon I find myself on the broad stretch of beach. I swing along, with my chest expanded, and my lungs drawing in deep breaths of the cool refreshing breeze. In the distance the rays of the morning

sun, touch with a wand of gold the domes and minarets and rectangular-tiled roofs of the city of Jaffa rising tier upon tier on the rocky promontory against which the waves of the sea have been beating and breaking since the earliest memory of man.

Legend has it, that on this rugged and treacherous shore, Andromeda was bound to the rocks and rescued by Perseus.

A haze is rising from the sea, and it envelopes the city in a filmy veil which softens and diffuses and reflects the slanting sunbeams. Fishermen are casting their nets from the shore, wading out into the icy sea.

Their naked, bronzed, muscular legs and thighs and broad chests and shoulders make them magnificent models for sculptor and painter.

The sand of the shore is covered with myriads of shells of all marvelous and beautiful shapes and colors. Every one of these has harboring within its delicate wall, a living thing, a tiny off-spring of the prodigal, all pervading life which has breathed existence into the tender little shells, crumbling under my feet, into the putrefying devilfish which I thrust aside with my cane, and into the dried skeleton which leers at me, white and ghastly, from its burial in the sand.

---

Spent the forenoon examining the children in the Rechoboth school and kindergarten. On the whole, the children are cleaner, better cared for, and make a more favorable impression than in any colony I have visited.

I also paid a call on the Yemenite school. This consists of a small dark room, the door being the sole opening for the admission of air and light.

About twenty-five boys are seated in a circle on the floor, every four of them pouring over one volume. In the centre of the swaying, chanting ring of youngsters, reclines the monarch of this kingdom; an old grizzled Yemenite teacher, a fez on his head and a long vile-smelling pipe between his lips.

One breath of this atmosphere is sufficient for my sensi-

tive constitution, and I escape into the open air, where the children are brought out and lined up for my inspection.

Accompanied by the inn-keeper's daughter, a highly intelligent and well bred young girl, I walk to Zanuka, the nearest Arab village, about half an hours stroll from Rechoboth.

Our first stop is at the Djamma. As we enter the courtyard, we find about a hundred boys, arranged in a row around the high stone wall; each with a square sheet of tin in his hand, on which a prayer from the Koran is inscribed in thick blue ink.

The teacher reads a verse, and then they all chant it together monotonously, as loudly as their young throats can shout.

Almost everyone of the children is a sufferer from Trachoma. The discharge dries up in the eyelashes and hordes of flies settle on the lids and make themselves at home unmolested.

From the Djamma we walk through the village to the home of the Sheikh. We find the royal court a large, square, muddy enclosure tenanted by dogs and poultry, some goats, a couple of sheep, and a few donkeys, and a camel, not to forget to mention a number of women and children.

My guide Miss B— who speaks Arabic fluently, has a friend here, Latifa, the Sheikh's newly acquired second wife. Latifa spies us coming and runs joyously to meet her former friend and playmate.

She conducts us into one of the mud baked huts encircling the courtyard, spreads a straw mat on the cement floor, piles some cushions on it and has us comfortably seated, cross-legged fashion.

The chamber is large and clean, the ceiling is rather low and smoke begrimed, and the walls are covered with fantastic paintings and primitive designs very much like those of the American Indians.

Latifa is dark and tall and slim, with large black eyes, soft and lustrous, like those of a gazelle, in spite of the Kohl

staining the eyelashes. Her features are delicate and her figure graceful and sinuous. There is another occupant of the chamber, a slightly older woman. A lace veil covers the lower part of the face revealing only a pair of piercing, fiery eyes.

As we converse with the volatile, bustling Latifa, who is preparing coffee for us in a brass pot, over a small heap of glowing charcoal embers, the veil is gradually lowered and finally drops down to the neck, disclosing a face of exquisite beauty.

The lady rises to the full height of her rich, voluptuous form the lines of which are accentuated by her long clinging garment of blue, homespun wool, and silently glides out through the open doorway.

"That," says Miss B— is the Sheikh's first wife, but his heart belongs to my Latifa, with whom he fell madly in love. This romance lasted two years, and threatened more than once to result in a tragedy, for the old sheikh had been opposed to the match at the very hour of his death.

He reasoned that love was a disease and that a woman so afflicted, was not fit for marriage. And he took unto his son for a wife Mira, the daughter of a neighboring Sheikh. But the flame of love refused to be extinguished by this diplomatic match, and Musa and Latifa continued to meet clandestinely, though the affair began to be talked about and the followers of the two old Sheikhs began to cast dark, sinister glances at each other, which boded no good.

For two years this unhappy romance continued and Latifa began to look wan and worn and Musa scowled and frequently laid his hand heavily though not too lovingly on Mira. Until one day the old Sheikh closed his eyes forever and Musa fell heir to the chieftanship which his family had borne for many generations. His first royal act was to call for Selim, the father of Latifa and request of him the girl's hand. Selim demanded seventy-five pounds, but forty-five pounds in gold was the price finally agreed upon and Latifa became Musa's bride."

While the conversation was carried on, a tall, powerful figure darkened the doorway and the young Sheikh himself came in and greeted us by touching his right hand to his forehead and then pressing it to his heart. As he came in he muttered something to Latifa and she immediately disappeared. Musa is very dark and decidedly handsome, with a high, narrow forehead, shaded by a mass of thick black curly hair, a pair of burning, penetrating eyes, a thin, aquiline nose, somewhat thick, sensuous lips, and a double row of powerful, ivory-white teeth.

Latifa reappears with a plate on which are three tiny cups; Musa pours some coffee into one of the cups, sips a little, slowly and loudly and then hands the cup to me. Miss B— also receives a cup of the delicious, thick, black fluid, though the same honor is not accorded to her. The last cup he pours for himself and we all drink, except Latifa, who stands regarding her lord and master with a mute gaze of mingled love and expectant obedience. After our coffee is finished, Musa says something to Latifa in a voice that is almost soft and gentle and she stoops down laughingly and grasping my fair companion's hand, raises her from the ground. Miss B— explains that she is invited to Latifa's private chamber, and the two young women walk out hand in hand like a personification of Europe and Asia.

Another visitor, Musa's younger brother, comes in. He speaks a broken English and we carry on a conversation touching a little on world politics, a little on orange culture and a trifle more on the rights and privileges of women in Europe and America, about which they manifest a keen curiosity. The Sheikh says: "Woman is a delicate, precious thing; she has to be carefully watched and guarded. Besides, if you give her a little freedom, you are no longer sure of her at all. I felt that it would take more than one visit and very many hours to convince his oriental mind that his conception of woman as man's creature and chattel and plaything was

barbarous. Moreover, Miss B— and Latifa returned and spared me the effort.

We bade them farewell and salaamed our way out of the royal court, now occupied by the late Sheikh's six sons with their wives and numerous progeny.

Before departing, I innocently asked Musa, through my interpreter, whether he was blessed with any children, and he answered, raising his palms to heaven, 'No,' but then in a moment he naively added, "Let Allah be thanked, both Mira and Latifa are in "the delicate state."

---

As we walk out of the village in the evening dusk, we stop for a moment at the well and watch the village youths standing somewhat at a distance admiring and occasionally chatting with the young belles, walking back and forth with huge water pitchers gracefully balanced on their heads. And we are reminded of the beautiful biblical narrative of Eliezer, the steward of Abraham, meeting Rebecca at the well and selecting her for Isaac's bride, from among the daughters of his master's kinsmen.

---

Rechoboth, established about forty years ago by wealthy Jews from Russia, is one of the fairest among the Jewish colonies in Palestine. It is surrounded by broad, fertile fields yielding rich harvests of wheat and corn, as well as the Arab staple cereals, dhurra and sumsum.

The white-walled cottages with their rectangular red-tiled roofs straggle uphill and downhill among trees and gardens and the almond groves, now bedecked with lily-white blossoms like newly fallen snow, and the orange plantations and the vineyards encroach almost upon the heart of the village. Over a hundred colonists and their families dwell in this garden spot and every day about a thousand Arab men and women come in from the surrounding villages with their camels and asses and oxen to work in the fields and orchards of Rechoboth.

Adjoining the colony there is the inevitable Yemenite settlement with its squalor and filth and poverty.

In the centre of the village, at the summit of the hill, stand the synagogue, the People's Hall and the schoolhouse, symbolic of the ideas and aims, which many years ago brought these settlers from Russia to create for themselves in Palestine a free home and an opportunity for self-expression and self-development

---

It is related that when the Australian troops, after long and weary marches through a wilderness dotted with Bedouin encampments and Arab mud settlements, first caught sight of the picturesque white and red cottages of Rechoboth nestling amidst its gardens, it seemed like a glimpse of home to them and they uttered a shout of joy that could be heard for miles around and broke into a run downhill towards the village.

---

Returned to Jaffa and thence by automobile to Jerusalem, passing through the green and fertile plain of Sharon, entering the mountain pass called the Babel Wood and climbing over the rocky stone-covered hills of Judea. We reached Jerusalem the mystic, hoary, sacred city, under whose spell and for a sight of which I had been yearning during the six long weeks of our tour.

---

Tiberias, March 7, 1919.

My beloved!

I have just come into my room from the Tiberias Hospital, which is but a short walk from the hotel. From my window I behold the sunset over the green mountains and the sky is purple and orange and scarlet and the soft, fleecy clouds are edged with gold. The Lake of Galilee lies peaceful and smooth and clear like a sheet of blue crystal. Here and there on its bosom the white winglike sail of a fisherboat glides lazily along.

I have had a difficult day's work and I am somewhat



tired, but satisfied that the sun is not setting on a day spent in vain. I have, working with me, three physicians, five trained nurses and twelve pupil nurses. The hospital is kept clean and wholesome despite many hardships and difficulties and our fifty or more patients are receiving all the care and comfort that kindness and love of beauty can give them.

On Sunday, March 2nd, I awoke at sunrise and left Tiberias for Safed on horseback. It is a journey of about 20 miles, but for that short distance it is undoubtedly one of the most interesting in the world. Tiberias on the shore of the Lake Galilee (Lake Kinnereth) is 690 feet below the level of the sea and Safed is a city built on a mountain top on the site of an ancient fortress about three thousand feet above sea level. You climb and climb over the rough, stony road, winding around mountains and crossing deep valleys. The country unfolds before you like a map as you ascend. You turn in your saddle and behold the beautiful Lake and the Jordan River winding like a long, thin, silver serpent through its green, fertile valley. To the north you gaze with awe and spellbound admiration at the snow-white head of Mount Hermon, towering like a giant over the land and at its feet, like a small silver mirror, lies Lake Merom, into which the northernmost end of the Jordan pours its rushing torrents of water.

Here and there you can point out the Jewish colonies with their square stone houses and red-tiled roofs, strikingly different from the gray and brown mud-hut villages of the Arabs.

After about three hours of travelling, my companion and I dismount and rest by the road partaking of some bread and butter and cheese and eggs, which our hostess at the hotel prepared for us. Our horses crop the rich grass and lie contentedly. Having rested and refreshed ourselves, we remount and resume our journey. At about noon time we ride through the wide, cobble-stone-paved street of the colony Rosh Pinah, and an hour later, after a very steep and difficult climb, we enter the city of Safed.

I remained in Safed until the following afternoon. I inspected our hospital here, which is under my control, examined the school children and gave instructions to our doctor and to the school nurse for the regular and systematic treatment of the trachoma and other eye diseases with which a high percentage of the people, particularly the young children are afflicted. Safed is very poor and very dirty and owing to its situation on the top of a mountain, is almost isolated from the rest of the world. Altogether about 12,000 men, women and children find their homes in its crooked, dirty, foul-smelling streets and dark, squalid, unwholesome houses.

Before the war there were 10,000 Jews in Safed. These people subsisted almost entirely on charity or Hallukah funds collected from outside Jewry. During the war the golden stream from America and Russia and Germany and all other parts of the world stopped suddenly and completely and about 4,000 Jewish men, women and children died of hunger and of typhus and other diseases, following closely on the heels of starvation.

The Jews sold their homes and their belongings to the Arabs for the sake of buying a little food, with which to keep body and soul together. Many of them fled out of the unfortunate city wherever their weary footsteps could carry them and now the Jewish community of Safed numbers barely 3,000.

On Monday, March 3rd, early in the afternoon, we rode out of Safed and our surefooted horses began the long descent down the stony, serpentine road over the rugged and precipitous mountains. After we had ridden about two hours, the sky suddenly became overcast with black, heavy clouds; the mild, gentle breeze became a sweeping, tearing, rampaging gale. Peals of thunder and flashes of lightning played continually overhead. A violent storm of rain and hail drove our horses off the road and made us seek shelter behind a huge overhanging rock. The rain streamed through our coats and uniforms and boots and we were soon soaking

wet and icy cold. The storm lasted almost an hour before its fury was spent and a lull set in.

We remounted our shivering horses and galloped away in the hope of warming up our stiff and frozen limbs. The sun came out, bright and radiant through a rift in the clouds and far away in the distance a glorious rainbow spanned the valley of the Jordan.

At a turn in the road we passed a gang of discharged Turkish prisoners returning to their homes. They trudged along barefooted and ragged, haggard and wane. It was a pitiful sight and I shall never forget the picture of the starved and suffering men, so weary and sick that they could hardly drag their bleeding, naked feet through the mud of the road.

At eight in the evening we rode into Tiberias and I immediately rolled into bed, drank a few cups of hot tea and was delighted, reading the precious letters from home, which I found awaiting me.

---

Tiberias, Palestine, Sunday, March 23, 1919.

My Beloved Boys:

I have a little spare time now. My chief nurse, who is the autocrat of the operating room, compels me, much against my will, to take an afternoon off, as she thinks I have been working too hard.

I cannot spend the afternoon in a happier or pleasanter way than by taking my big little boy Isidore and my little, big boy Abraham on my lap (in imagination, of course) and clasping them tightly in my arms and having a jolly good time with them.

Now boys, make yourselves comfortable: you, Isidore, on the right knee, and Abraham on the left knee. Snuggle up close; I am afraid you have too many marbles and picture buttons in your pockets, boys; they are rather hard on daddy's lap. And now that we have made ourselves comfortable and at home, let us hear what you boys have to say for yourselves. Have you been good and obedient to your darling mother or

have you worried her and made it harder for her to bear the absence of father? You answer that you have both been very good, but I detect a little suspicious twinkle in your little mother's eye, which tells me that you have occasionally fallen from grace and behaved like a pair of mischievous rascals. Well, I shall take your word for it (with a small grain of salt), and if you have misbehaved now and then, we shall turn over another new leaf and let bygones be bygones.

Now, how much progress have you made in Hebrew? I am studying a little Hebrew myself and when I come home (in the happy day to come), we shall see which of us has advanced farther in the holy tongue, and little mother will give the biggest piece of strawberry shortcake to the most diligent of her three boys.

I suppose you are getting the best marks obtainable at school. I am quite sure that you are bringing home an A, B+, A, every month and that you are immortalizing your names on the Eagle honor roll. Please tell Miss Quinn that I was very much pleased to receive her kind postcard with the picture of your school on it.

As you are aware, I am now stationed at Tiberias, and this will probably be my headquarters until the termination of my stay in Palestine.

It is very pleasant here now; the climate is mild and balmy and the hills are covered with a rich green carpet, adorned with scarlet and purple and yellow flowers.

The Sea of Galilee can be viewed from the window of my room, a beautiful placid mirror of greenish blue water. Occasionally, when I have a little spare time I go out for a sail on the Lake and then I am reminded of the happy days we spent together on Lake George. Both bodies of water are wonderfully beautiful and encircled by green hills and mountains, only the southern sky over Galilee is of a clearer, deeper blue and is pierced in the north by the snow-white head of the giant Mount Hermon.

Tiberias is a quaint little city, very poor, very dirty and very old.

Its streets are crooked and narrow and its stone houses are shabby, delapidated and tumbledown, but when you raise your eyes and behold its magnificent setting of rolling, towering hills and mountains on one side and the sacred Lake Kinnereth on the other, you forget all about the misery and poverty and ugliness of the town.

The people of Tiberias are a conglomeration of Arabs, Polish Jews, Russian Jews, Frank Jews (those of Spanish descent) and other nationalities. They are dressed in every sort of garb and costume. Some in fur hat or shtreimel and long caftan, others in red fez and long, many-colored kimonas, still others in turban and longflowing robes with broad sash or girdle around the waist.

They have all sorts of odd and picturesque customs and ceremonies which distinguish the various races and creeds living here, but they resemble one another in their oriental indolence and disinclination to do steady, useful work.

Just now, as I write these lines, I hear a noise of beating drums, and tinkling tambourines, and twanging zithers and clapping hands and chanting voices.

I go out on the balcony and look down into the narrow street below. Two long rows of Arabs are facing each other, beating their hands together and singing a weird monotonous oriental melody. They sway their bodies back and forth and keep time with their feet and so they march sideways down the street. In the midst of them is a tall swarthy Bedouin with fiery eyes and coal black hair braided Indian fashion, in two long heavy plaits that hang down over his shoulders. He dances in and out among the swaying, chanting Arabs as graceful and lithe as a serpent, now turning, now winding, now stepping slowly and rhythmically, now whirling around as if in a mad frenzy.

In the wake of this wedding procession, rides a solitary

horseman. He is the bridegroom and is dressed in fine linen and shimmering gaudy-colored silk and is being escorted to his waiting bride.

For the next week or more, there will be feasting and dancing and merry-making and bringing of gifts, of clothes and fruit and delicacies of various tastes and flavors.

A couple of days ago we celebrated Purim in the hospital, with a band of music, consisting of an old half-blind fiddler, playing on a screeching, groaning fiddle, a drummer beating with his fists and fingers on something that looked like a kettle, and a boy shaking a tambourine over his head as if he were trying to scare away the flies.

All our little patients were brought out on the broad veranda of the hospital and those who are convalescing, were permitted to dance.

Across the street there is an orphan asylum, and all the little orphans in their gingham frocks and little white caps on their shaven heads, came over to join in the frolic. Little Itzhak is the best dancer of them all. He is bandy-legged, has an enormous pot-belly and is minus one eye, but he is an imp of mischief. He can dance a "freilichs" (Jewish folk dance) like a veteran Chassid and it is a sight for the Gods to see him tripping about, now one foot up in the air, now the other, with one hand on his head and one hand akimbo, his face one, huge, broad smile almost stretching his mouth from ear to ear, while his curly locks wag back and forth and from side to side to the rhythm of his dancing.

Our kind nurses, who are sisters and mothers of these poor sick children, bring out cakes and candies, and big, fat "hamentashen" (tarts) full of delicious jam and you can imagine what a picnic the youngsters are having.

And now, my little sons, I fear you will have to leave your cozy seat on my lap for twilight is setting in fast, and I have to go over to the hospital to visit my patients.

Before I let you out of my arms, I must relate to you something very interesting that I noticed the other day.

It was but an ordinary occurrence, one of the commonplace events that are going on around us all the time, though but rarely inspiring us with admiration and wonder.

A cup of sugar was brought in and placed on a marble-top table in my room. In order to keep the flies out of the sweet treasure house, I placed an orange on the cup and pressed it down tightly, completely covering the sugar. About two hours later when I wanted to procure some sugar, I perceived two long trails of tiny, black ants going to and from the cup, those marching away bearing little white crystals in their jaws. I picked up the orange out of the cup and, lo and behold, the sugar was hidden under a mass of moving, crawling, minute insects. How did they find out about the sugar in the cup? Have they a marvelous sixth sense, which we poor human beings do not possess? Or did a stray wanderer discover the precious sweet treasure and rush off to bring his family and friends and neighbors? I am afraid your daddy cannot answer these puzzling questions. Nevertheless, he stands full of admiration and awe before this great and wonderful old world of ours and the sacred, mysterious life with which it is overflowing.

The filth and misery of most of the dwellings in Tiberias cannot be described. The odors are sickening and the sights are disgusting. All the pollution of the slums trickles and flows down into the beautiful Lake Galilee, and contaminates its sacred waters. And the women and children of Tiberias fill their pitchers with this water and use it for drinking and cleansing purposes.

---

The Poorhouse in Tiberias is a tumbledown, stone structure, situated in a blind alley. It is used as a temporary shelter for the poorest and most miserable of this poor and almost destitute community. On the stone floor are scattered some dirty mats and sacking and on these are squatting and reclining about a score of men and women and children. They are haggard and sunken-eyed and hollow-cheeked. Some are

swaying and moaning with the pangs of illness and hunger; others are quiet and motionless with the silence and inertia of despair.

A groan from one corner of the dim chamber attracts my attention. A young girl of about eighteen sits huddled together on a bundle of straw. She turns her face towards me and it is a picture of unusually intense suffering. The cheeks are sunken and wan, the skin is like yellow parchment, the eyes are large and lustrous with a feverish, unnatural brilliance, the lips are grayish blue, but the teeth are large and even and pearly white, the nose is small and delicate, the forehead is high and straight and smooth. She is wrapped in a ragged, threadbare blue garment with here and there a large rent, through which the shivering, emaciated limbs peep out. "Nahomi" is her name. Neither father nor mother nor kith or kin has she anywhere in the wide world. "I came here a month ago," she says in soft, musical Arabic; "I am sick and suffering and no one comes to bring any help or relief. By day my fever and pain torment me; by night the vermin rob me of slumber. You, kind sir, cannot endure the smell here for a few minutes and this unbearable stench has been in my nostrils for weeks. If I am to die, I pray that the end may come quickly. Once a day they bring us some food, but we barely touch it, for we are too sick to eat. I wonder whether God or man is to blame for our misfortune."

And while Nahomi is pouring out her tale of woe, a couple of Arabs bring in a figure on a stretcher, made of sack-cloth and two long poles. They deposit their burden on the ground and depart.

The new arrival is a man about forty, horribly emaciated and with the look and odor of a living corpse. He is too weak to sit up and collapses helplessly on the mat. A middle aged woman and a girl of twelve rush over to him and commence to kiss and embrace him with piteous sobbing and wailing. The wretched spectacle brings a painful lump into my throat and I hasten out, followed by several of the inmates,



who volunteer the information that the man has been sent out of the hospital because he is in a dying condition and his bed is required for another patient.

Into the court of the Poorhouse open the upper windows of the School for Girls, and now their young voices are singing a Hebrew national hymn. The music of the sweet song and the childish voices mingle in my ears with the moans and wails emanating from the Poorhouse.

One day in Tiberias, while sitting on the balcony of my hotel during the extreme heat of the late afternoon, I fell into conversation with a lady physician from Beyrouth.

During our chat, she informed me that she was a follower of a new religious movement, called Bahaism, which had originated in Persia fifty years ago and was now penetrating into every country of the globe. "The Bahai movement," she said, "aims to bring about the oneness of humanity and the unity of religion." Then she wrote and gave me a letter of introduction to Abbas Effendi, the head and leader of the sect; "the Master," as she called him, now living in Haifa.

And so one day while in Haifa, I took advantage of a few hours' leisure and inquired my way to the home of this latter-day prophet. He lives in a large, comfortable, roomy, stone house, which you enter by ascending a broad, marble staircase, after passing through a garden full of flowers of the richest colors, growing in profusion amidst orange and lemon trees, heavily laden with golden yellow fruit.

A chocolate-colored individual in gaudy-colored, flowing robes, with the eyes and features of a Siamese, answers my ring and salaams me into a spacious room, the floor of which is covered with a rich, magnificent Persian rug and the walls and chairs and divans bedecked with artistically woven oriental tapestry.

Here I sit a few minutes in silence and in wonder, somewhat akin to awe. Suddenly my Siamese friend glides in again, carrying a small, round ebony table, inlaid with ivory. This he deposits in front of me and I find on it a small silver case filled with cigarettes and another one filled with matches. Having struck a

light for me, he glides out in the same uncanny manner. I take a few puffs at the aromatic cigarette, when suddenly the door swings open again and a stout figure of medium height, clad in a flowing black robe, enters the room and approaches me slowly and majestically, as I rise from my seat. I see standing before me a man of about seventy-five, the large leonine head and high wrinkled forehead covered by a snow-white fez, from under which the silvery locks straggle down to the shoulders and mingle with the long venerable beard.

He motions me to sit down and sits down also on an adjoining divan. Then he utters a few words in Persian and I am surprised at the strength and volume and musical resonance of the sound. Apparently he has called someone, for almost immediately a young man appears, clad in a long surtout of brown pongee silk and a white fez covering his black, curly hair. He is the secretary and speaks a choice, fluent English, which he has learnt at the American College in Beyrouth.

I present my letter of introduction, which the old patriarch reads easily and without the aid of any glasses. Having perused the epistle, he says, "Good, very, very good" in English and then a few sentences in Persian.

"The Master says," explains the secretary "that he is happy to greet you and judges by the warm and glowing introduction of Dr. B— that you will be in strong sympathy with the Bahai movement."

Whereupon I express my desire to learn more about Baháism and a very interesting conversation ensues, which lasts about an hour, during which we sip some delicious black coffee in tiny cups.

"Baháism," says the Master, "is not a distinct creed. It merely aims to combine that which is fundamental and universal in all religions—the existence of a Creator, allwise and all-powerful, who guides the destinies of mankind." Thus spoke the venerable Abbas Effendi and then he paused to listen to my reply.

"I believe," said I, "in an infinite creative power, which

permeates the universe. I do not believe and cannot conceive that accidental variations—mere accidents—which have been transmitted by heredity and perpetuated by the survival of the fittest can account for the marvelous structure, say, of the human body, every organ of which is a wonderful complete mechanism—complete, far beyond the achievement of the human mind—delicately adjusted and perfectly adapted to the performance of its function.

“It seems to me that Life is an intelligent principle, endowed with the power of adapting the organ to the performance of its function. The structure endowed with Life, is endowed with the power of becoming changed, modified and perfected in adaptation to its environment. The living cell undergoes transformation to participate in the formation of an eye or a limb or a nerve, depending on the function which the organ is called upon to perform, and the tendency of the intelligent principle which is Life and which is resident in the protoplasm of the cell, is towards perfection of structure and function, in response to conditions in the environment. This will explain the marvelous delicacy of an organ like the human eye, with its power of regulating and converging light rays and taking impressions on the sensitive living plate—the retina, rapidly changing for various distances or for swiftly moving objects, as when we look out of the window of an express train, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

“Likewise, the marvelous co-ordination of the muscles of the body and the sense of equilibrium, which is dominated by a tiny, delicate nerve organ, situated in the bone of the internal ear.

“The production of digestive secretions for the chemical transformation and assimilation of nutriment and the generation of internal secretions in the body, so vital to the continuance of life and the maintenance of a normal balance—all this, as well as the countless other manifestations of life, testifies to a Universal Intelligence as the Principle Cause—creative and directing.”

Abbas: "Yes, like this garden, with its fruit trees and rows of flower beds; it requires care and watching and tending. Each plant has to be watered and the soil around it kept free from weeds that choke up and destroy. As my gardener is to my plants and trees and flowers, so is the Lord God to His children."

I: "You mean that Providence is ever watching over us, guiding our destinies, preserving us from harm, rewarding us for our good deeds and punishing us for our wickedness?"

Abbas: "That is precisely what I mean. Providence is all-just, all-wise and all-beneficent."

I: "Then how can you account, for instance, for this misfortune which I witnessed today. A physician in the prime of life, a God-fearing and upright man, the father of small children, was suddenly stricken blind in both eyes while in the performance of his duties?"

Abbas: "The ways of Providence are inscrutable to mortal eyes. A parrot was once sitting on the branch of a tree and he observed a little mother bird and its nest of younglings devoured by a hideous serpent. The parrot said in his heart 'There is no God, and Providence is but an accident,' but a little later he saw the snake torn to pieces by a tiger and on the next day the tiger was mortally wounded by a lion and on the day thereafter, the lion was shot and killed by a hunter, and then the hunter while climbing on a mountain, stumbled and fell down a precipice and his neck was broken and his body was a mangled heap."

I: "You mean that every occurrence in the life of man is subject to a guiding Providence and that we are unknowingly and unconsciously receiving rewards for our good acts and retribution for our misdeeds. Then you believe and teach that prayer can avert calamities or bring about change in our circumstances. Would not that be contrary to the laws of nature, which are fixed and eternal for the living, as well as for the morganic world?"

Abbas: "Providence is above the laws of nature. Nature

is but the manifestation of the Deity and the material with which He performs His Work and accomplishes His wonders."

Early this morning you see me in a shaky, rickety carriage, drawn by two big, raw-boned, rib-lined, old nags, and rolling along the glistening white, sea-beach, stretching from Haifa to Acca.

The waves are breaking and the surf is bubbling almost under the horses hoofs.

The day is glorious and sunshiny, the sky is a clear, azure blue, transparent and cloudless. Behind us is the Carmel, crouching like a lion, with the picturesque, white-walled, red-tiled little city of Haifa, nestling at its foot.

Haifa is receding, growing dimmer and hazier in the distance, while Acca with its domes and minarets and battered old seawall is approaching nearer and nearer.

At midday, we enter the ancient city, that has played so conspicuous a role in the battles and triumphs of the Crusaders and has been their last stronghold in the Holy Land; a city against which Napoleon flung his war-tried legions in vain.

We drive through the narrow, crooked streets, overhung by arches and projecting latticed windows, through which black female eyes peer at us curiously. Pretty soon our Jehu stops and lets us know that our "highborn majesties" will have to climb out and walk, as it is impossible to proceed farther in the carriage. So we stroll around, looking at the little stalls in the Bazaar with the bearded, turbaned, indolent Arab merchants, who seem to get cross and troubled if anyone disturbs them in their chatting, coffee drinking, and smoking of the fragrant, bubbling nargileh.

We find nothing more worthy of purchase than a collection of old Turkish and Persian stamps which we desure from a street gamin.

After attending to our clinic, and while on our way back to the carriage, we peer through an open gateway into a broad, shady garden, and with the habitual impudence of Westerners,

we march right in. We find ourselves on the grounds of a venerable and imposing mosque.

It is an immense court, lined with sycamore trees and with a fountain playing in its centre. An old, white-bearded Sheikh approaches us and invites us to enter the sacred precincts, which, of course, we do, very readily.

The marble-tiled floor is covered with immaculately clean straw mats, a gallery enclosed by a delicately carved trellis work and supported by slender marble columns, surrounds the vast interior of the temple. The walls are of various sorts of marble and porphyry, covered with inscriptions from the Koran in beautiful colored mosaic.

Against the wall, facing the entrance is the pulpit of the Muezzin, which is a tiny temple in itself with four slim, graceful porphyry columns supporting a gilded pear-shaped cupola.

Over the centre of the mosque is the dome, a magnificent and almost perfect hemisphere. Encircling the court of the mosque are a number of small one-story stone buildings, each containing a single chamber, topped by a sugar-loaf dome. Here we are presented to several pilgrims on their way to Mecca, and some who have already performed the holy pilgrimage and have become sanctified.

These holy men spend their days here, sitting crosslegged on their carpets, swaying back and forth, intoning passages of the Koran. We pay our respects to these venerable gentlemen, as well as to the guardian Sheikh by the distribution of back-sheesh and salaam our way out of the picturesque court.

We drive back along the seashore just as the sun is sinking in a symphony of color, into the western sea.

In the deepening twilight, the camels that swing by us silently, appear huge and weird. The stillness is broken by the everlasting lapping of the waves on the white sandy beach.

I have set sail with the dawn in a boat, manned by three oarsmen, to visit some of the sacred places on the shores of Lake Kinnereth. This beautiful sheet of water, best known to the world as the Sea of Galilee, is about thirteen miles long

and about seven miles across at its widest part. It lies in the midst of the fertile valleys and green hills, allotted by Joshua to the tribes of Naphthali and Zebulon.

Lying six hundred feet below sea level and surrounded completely by towering hills, it appears like a huge volcanic crater. The hot springs on the shores of the Lake and the steam which occasionally bubbles up from its depths two hundred feet below the surface, also testify to its volcanic origin. Very frequently, tremendous storms lash the sacred, placid waters into a frenzy, hurling the waves headlong against the stone wall of Tiberias and even over the low flat roofs on the shore. These storms are probably due to volcanic disturbances at the bottom of the Lake.

The morning of which I am writing is cool and pleasant. A spanking breeze bellies out our sail and our little vessel plows its way swiftly and gracefully through the choppy waves. We are bound for Capernaum on the northern shore of Kinnereth; Capernaum where Josephus Flavius found refuge with a band of faithful patriots when the Romans captured their stronghold at Julias.

Tiberias is rapidly receding in the distance and I lean back in my seat at the stern of the boat and think of the days when fleets of vessels manned by Jewish fishermen sailed on these waters and the fertile shores of the Lake abounded with populous villages, teeming with life and activity.

Here lived a race of simple, hardy peasant folk, who tilled the fruitful valleys and pastured their flocks and herds on the hillsides and sent their devout pilgrims and their first fruits and sacrifices to the Sacred Temple in the glorious city of Jerusalem. And so I dream of the past, when the hills which are now already becoming brown and naked, since the last rains, were covered with vineyards and irrigated gardens and groves of olive and fig trees.

And suddenly I hear a humming sound, borne to my ears on the breeze, and the sound draws nearer and grows stronger,

until from behind a cloud a little speck emerges and sails across the blue right over our boat and our swarthy, half-naked Arabs, whose necks are craned and whose black eyes are almost popping out of their sockets with wonder at the birdman and his marvelous machine.

Towards noon we reach Capernaum, which is but a solitary Monastery built on the site of the ancient city of thirty thousand souls, the beauty and prosperity of which have been revealed by recent excavations.

Here we are received by an old Franciscan Friar, who guides us among the ruins of a synagogue built two thousand years ago. The style of architecture is Greco-Roman and beautiful and imposing in spite of the ravages of time and the vandalism of man.

Here we see a Mogen Dovid sharply graven on a frescoed limestone lintel and here a five-leafed flower, symbolizing the five books of the Torah. Some staircases are well-nigh intact and massive columns and delicately carved capitals and pedestals are scattered about. Even some fragments of the stone trellis work enclosing the women's gallery can still be seen.

We accept the hospitality of the good Friar and lunch with him in the cool, quiet dining hall of the monastery. He is a scholar and endowed with much wisdom and a rich store of information about the historical sites in the Holy Land.

He relates an interesting incident connected with the excavations over which he had been in charge. A letter from a lady pilgrim, who had visited the Holy Land in the third century written to Queen Helena of Byzantium, describes in detail the magnificent synagogue of Capernaum, at that time still almost intact.

During the succeeding centuries the synagogue had been ravaged and demolished and until thirty years ago was completely covered and hidden under a mound of earth and rubbish.

In the work of unearthing this treasure, the excavators were aided considerably by the detailed description devoutly written



down in that ancient letter, now reposing in the Museum of the Vatican.

The Friar tells us furthermore, that Jesus of Nazareth, who was a citizen and taxpayer of Capernaum, had worshipped in this synagogue, amidst the ruins of which we are now reverently treading our way.

From Capernaum we set sail again and skirt the northwestern shore of the Lake, visiting Tabigha and Magdala, famous in Jewish and Christian stories, the latter place, now a squalid Arab village of mud and dung hovels, reputed to have been the home of Mary Magdalene.

Late in the afternoon, we cast anchor and devote an hour to fishing. My hook and line bring us several good sized fish, but it is as nothing in comparison with the catch of our "Kapiton," who wades out from the shore and flings his net on the water and in a few minutes hauls it in full of wriggling, tossing, squirming fish.

---

At nine this evening, while reading in my room, I suddenly heard screaming and shouting coming from the streets of the city, followed by the sound of shooting. I hurried down stairs and out into the moonlight and saw men and women running panic-stricken and bands of soldiers and gendarmes hastening to the scene of trouble. There had been rumors of impending riots against the Jews floating about in the air during the last few days and I feared that the tragedy had commenced to be enacted. I turned my footsteps towards the hospital and found the nurses pale and trembling and several wounded men lying about in the clinic, having just been brought in from the town.

I peeled off my coat, rolled up my sleeves and commenced operations. There were several nasty wounds and gashes among them and I worked until midnight dressing and bandaging. Nearly all of the wounded were Jews, several of them being policemen and gendarmes. I was told that a number of Arabs had also sustained injuries, but apparently had been shy of applying to the hospital for treatment for fear of arrest.

To-day is the annual celebration of the anniversary of the death of Rabbi Meir, the Wonderworker who died many hundred years ago and who is buried near Tiberias. Every year thousands of pilgrims journey from near and far to pray and pay homage at the tomb of the famous Rabbi. Jews from Yemen, Jews from Tartary and Moscow and Vilna and Amsterdam and London, and even from New York and Chicago. They pray and fast and dance and finally towards sunset they light a huge bowl of oil in which are soaked many wicks. The privilege of applying the match and starting the column of fire is sold for a hundred or two hundred pounds to some rich zealot, who may have travelled from Bokhara or Calcutta to perform the sacred function.

As a result of yesterday's riots in Tiberias, the Military Governor has issued a ban against parading through the streets and congregating in crowds. The Jewish shops in the Bazaar are closed and the aspect of the city is subdued and solemn.

I walked up to the Tomb of Rabbi Meir on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. It is an old rock sepulchre, over and around which are built several ramshackle stone buildings containing synagogues, study rooms and lodgings for the "students," dark, dusty chambers built around a central court.

The "students" are palefaced, stooping, callow youths and bearded men, all of them garbed in dirty kaftans and fur-lined shtraimlichs, from under which the earlocks curl down almost to the shoulders. Each one is lodged and fed at the expense of the all-bountiful "Hallukah" and paid a monthly stipend of from two to five pounds sterling for services rendered in the study of musty, obsolete Talmudic treatises.

In the main synagogue, built directly over the sepulchre, I beheld a throng of men, women and children, walking about or sitting on the ground, eating, drinking, talking, praying and holding wax tapers or glasses containing oil and lighted cotton wicks.

Towards one end of the synagogue there is a small en-

closure positioned off by a railing in the centre of which is a huge, while-washed oven-like affair. This is the monument over the grave of the "Wonderworker." The crowd here is very dense, praying and swaying, and the oven is aglow with innumerable lighted candles stuck into its surface.

I shoulder my way out into the open, glad to catch a breath of the refreshing breeze flowing from the Lake.

Many Bedouins have pitched their black goat's hair tents in the near vicinity of the Tomb and their sinister, scowling looks betoken that trouble is brewing. But thanks to the resolute and timely action of the Governor, the storm has probably been averted, at least for the time being; the streets of Tiberias, as well as the road leading from Rabbi Meir's resting place to the city, are being patrolled by a hundred Indian Cavalrymen and a large number of Jewish and Egyptian mounted police.

---

A number of tents are pitched in the vicinity of the Tiberias hot springs. Here dwell people who have come from great distances to bathe and be relieved of their aches and ailments in the steaming sulphurous waters.

Upon the hillside there stands a large tent of black goats hair, reminding one of the black tents of Kedar, in one of which dwelt Jael who slew Sisera, the foe of Israel, when he fled from the hosts of the Lord and came to her pleading for shelter and a drink for his parched lips.

"At her feet he sunk, he fell, he lay; at her feet he sunk, he fell. Where he sunk there he fell down dead."

The black tent on the hillside belongs to an Arab Chieftain whose domains lie across the Jordan. There he has vast tracts of pasture land and flocks and herds innumerable; man-servants and hundreds of vassals.

This modern son of Edom is suffering from a sore affliction of the skin, so he has bidden farewell to his eight loving, black-eyed wives and his regiment of children and has embarked in a little fleet of sailboats on the Sea of Galilee and

the propitious breeze, sent by Allah, has wafted him and his host of retainers to the western shore; where he is at present sojourning, near the healing, life-giving waters of Chamah Tabariyah.

He is a powerful prince among the Arabs, and over his tent waves the royal banner of the King of Hedjas. Emir Mahmud Falhoun is an abstract of his name and titles, which if given in full, would cover several pages.

As I approached the tent, I was met by suspicious glances and black looks from the triple circle of Bedouins guarding the chieftain's abode.

But a word from my guide and interpreter—the magic word "Hakim" (physician) acted like an "open Sesame," and the squatting slouching figures in picturesque robes and turbans arose erect and stood aside to let us pass.

They are a hardy, manly-looking war-like set of rascals, these swarthy sons of Esau, quick to resent a look or a word, suspicious and treacherous as jackals, welcoming the stranger with Abraham's hospitality; but stripping him and robbing him once he has gone beyond the pale of tribal shelter.

The Emir is a short stocky man, with a curly black beard, framing a face, rather handsome, in spite of its fat, voluptuous sensuality. We exchange a few comments by the aid of my suave interpreter and partake of the cup of hospitality filled with black fragrant coffee.

Then we bid farewell to each other, the son of Jacob and the son of Esau, American doctor and Bedouin chieftan shake each others hands and I am guided out, past groups of tall majestic figures in flowing robes who arise and stand motionless and erect as the Prince and I walk by and salute each other for the last time.

I depart with a faint suspicion in my heart that it is not for the hot baths alone that the Emir has come to the vicinity of Tiberias, but that the hosts of Edom are mobilizing and the tents of Ishmael are gathering together for the coming

long and bitter struggle between Jacob and Esau for the inheritance of Canaan.

About a half hour's walk from Tiberias, along the lake front, from out of the side of the mountain, from the inner caverns of the earth, gushes forth a steaming, boiling stream of sulphurous water.

Three, rambling, barn-like old buildings have been erected here to accommodate the hundreds and the thousands of the lame and the halt and the rheumatic and the debilitated who flock from far and from near, to bathe in the waters of these subterranean springs.

The main Bathhouse is about two centuries old. Its interior consists of one large chamber, with a central pool, encircled by a storm platform and a colonade of slender pillars. Over the pool is a dome, pierced by a large number of round apertures, through which the light filters in and the steam and odors of the water and the perspiring human bodies evaporate out.

The water is brought into the pool from the boiling stream welling out of the mountainside. About once in three days the pool is emptied and resh water allowed to flow in. The water is scalding hot and takes over twelve hours to cool down sufficiently, to permit of bathing.

And then for three days the bath is not renewed, and hundreds of people, many of them suffering from skin diseases, immerse themselves therein, until the water which bubbled up from the earth crystal clear, becomes dark and murky.

The remedy for this abomination of a marvelous natural gift, which remedy I have suggested to the British Military Governor is to build a large, cooling cistern or reservoir, roofed over by a dome-like roof but provided with many openings at the sides, protected by wire screens.

In this huge tank a large quantity of fresh cooled water of the spring could be stored and conducted by pipes to the pool, the contents of which could be changed daily or several

times daily by mixing hot and cold spring water until the temperature required is obtained.

The hot-sulphur-saturated springs, situated on the shore of one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world, could become the nucleus of a health resort and sanitarium for thousands of people from every part of the globe, who would be attracted hither by the beauty of the landscape, the sacred associations and memories clustering around the Sea of Galilee, and the mild, balmy winter climate.

It is eight in the evening and I have just returned from a visit to Kinnereth. I am tired, but not hungry and am preparing to jot down a few notes before retiring to bed. But there is something on my mind that intrudes itself into my thoughts and interferes with the working of my pen.

A plaintive, weird, haunting melody keeps running through my brain, a monotonous theme yet alluring and fascinating. One night during the week when I was rather wakeful, I heard a sound of singing coming up from the road, underneath the window of my room; a singing accompanied by the twanging of the strings of a guitar.

And I listened and listened, enchanted by the sad melodious strain. And I have been hearing that song ever since. I sing it softly, I hum it gently and then someone with smiling and mischievous eyes says, "Please, whistle it," and I whistle it.

---

Toward evening I returned to Tiberias in a sailboat. The gallant little vessel plowed its way bravely through the choppy waves, impelled by a brisk northwest wind. I sat in the boat, holding on firmly and proudly to the tiller which my tall swarthy black-bearded picturesque Arab boatman permitted me to manage, and I watched some Kingfisher birds diving from great heights, swiftly and suddenly into the water and then emerging with the struggling, squirming fish in their powerful beaks.

I watched the sun disappearing behind the mountains in

a glory of crimson and orange and gold. And then as the twilight deepened and the heavenly colors and tints softened and melted away, the slender silver crescent of the new moon arose on the horizon, an omen of rest and peace and tranquility to come.

---

Today while on my visit to the Migdal farm, I had occasion to speak to its very efficient manager concerning some sanitary matters. Mr. G— was not in the colony but one of the farm laborers escorted me down the hill to the shore of the lake, where in a shady eucalyptus grove, I found my man in the company of half a dozen Arab Sheikhs, officers, of the Shereef, whose kingdom extends to the Trans-Jordan.

These officers are here as members of a commission to arrange about the borders of their domain, and their fishing rights on the lake.

A large, square piece of carpet was spread out on the sand and the Arabs were seated in a circle, in the centre of which were some bottles of wine, dishes of "mishmish" (apricots), nuts, bread, cheese, olives and an abundance of sweetmeats. They were eating and drinking in a manner in which Arab and Turkish commissions are unrivalled.

The object of the commission was very far from their thoughts and quite probably, they never did take the matter much to heart, as I learned later when I met them again in Tiberias whither they came with their Shereefian soldiers, looking like a gang of ragged, villainous banditti.

As I approached the circle, they all arose and gravely saluted. Each one placed his right hand on his forehead and over his heart as G— presented me.

Upon their pressing invitation, I squatted down among them and partook of some refreshments. The gentleman nearest to me handed me a glass filled with some liquor, which I sipped to the health of everyone present.

After several sips I put the glass down near me, and entered into a conversation with one of the commissioners who

spoke a broken English. After a few minutes of a voluble, but I fear, rather vain attempt to make each other understood, my throat became exceedingly dry and I reached out my hand for the glass, but alas it was gone.

I looked around in dismay and discovered my glass of Arak travelling from mouth to mouth around the bearded circle. And then a light dawned upon me and I understood why the Arabs had gazed at me expectantly and longingly as I was leisurely sipping the beverage, which I in my western naivete had imagined was intended for my lips alone.

---

I left Tiberias at ten in the morning for Yemma, the first colony in my second tour of Galilee. My means of transit was a rough springless hay-wagon drawn by two mules. A few sacks of wheat at the bottom of the wagon served as cushioned seats.

We ascended the rough mountain road and I marvelled at the beauty and splendor of the scenery that unfolded itself at my feet as we climbed higher and higher. The Sea of Galilee, smooth and placid, the Jordan River winding and twisting, through its green valley, the tiny picturesque colonies and hamlets, dotted here and there on the shore of the sea, the banks of the stream and the sides of the mountains.

As we approach Yemma, we are met with the sight of huge mounds of wheat stacked up sky-high, while other immense piles of grain are being threshed by mules and oxen walking around and around in circles.

Here and there, men and women, their heads bound up in kerchiefs to protect them against the burning sun are threshing and winnowing.

The war has checked the importation of harvesting machinery and those having been previously introduced by the colonists, have been stolen by the Turks or have fallen into disrepair.

The Vaad (village council) of the colony has prepared a room for me in an unoccupied little stone house situated at



the end of the single street which constitutes the colony.

It is a bare white-washed room, but clean, light and airy. My furniture consists of an iron bedstead, a chair, a wardrobe, a desk and David, a little black-bearded Sephardi Jew, bare-footed and in tatters and rags.

He brushes my clothes, polishes my boots, makes my bed, sweeps the floor and brings in fresh water. He is very zealous and makes himself exceedingly useful. I take my meals in a little inn here and the food is simple, fresh and wholesome; plenty of cheese, lebben and black bread.

This afternoon as I was coming out of the clinic I perceived a commotion in the street. People were gathered in groups talking excitedly. Several men carrying rifles slung across their shoulders were hurrying downhill towards the fields and now and then a horseman galloped by, clattering on the cobblestones with his rifle in his hands.

One young blond, bareheaded lad, his face tense with emotion almost ran me down. Someone volunteers the information that a band of Bedouins had stolen a team of mules from a colonist coming home with a load of hay.

The blood of last weeks murderous assault has not yet dried on the road, and the nerves of the people are on edge and their hearts are full of grief and apprehension.

Fully two score armed men, some mounted and some in wagons drive out of the colony almost at a moment's notice, in hot pursuit of the robbers.

About two miles from Yemma, there is a long deep Wady which in winter is a swollen torrent rushing toward the Jordan, but at present, its steep banks and deep dry rocky channel, form a pass, in the shelter of which, marauding bands fording the river, from the Hauran, enter and leave the country.

In this Wady the pursuers overtook the robbers and many shots were exchanged. One of the Bedouins fell from his horse, wounded. The rest closed in around him, firing volley after volley at the colonists. After a few minutes, they sped

away, taking their wounded comrade with them, but leaving the stolen horse behind.

---

I dread the parting of the day. The twilights are enchanting, the evenings are calm and cool, the white moonlight nights are beautiful beyond description, but after the days work my lonesomeness weighs upon me like a burden of lead.

Tonight I walked and walked along the solitary moonlit road on the outskirts of the village, until I came back fagged out. And now after an hours sleepless tossing in bed, I light my candle open my haversack and take out a bundle of letters. My loving messages...I read and reread them and fondle and caress them. Here is the zigzag straggling scrawl of small chubby fingers saying "Goodnight" to Daddy and here between the lines I can see the suppressed sorrow and yearning and heartache of my Beloved. And here are a few kind cheerful words from my Friend.

And now I am gazing with moisture-dimmed vision at the quaint Hebrew characters of the message from Mother.

Goodnight to you, my loved ones. May Allah, the Allah of the Universe, the Allah of all creeds and races, keep you and safeguard you. Amen!

---

I am now sojourning at Mescha, a colony situated at the foot of Mount Tabor.

At five this morning accompanied by a young colonist, who volunteered to act as my guide, I started out on my climb of the mountain.

The sun was just ascending on the horizon, and a cool gentle breeze was blowing from the west. We passed a few Bedouin encampments, guarded by packs of ravenous looking dogs.

The people at first eyed us suspiciously, standing at a distance, but soon the children, some of them, coal-black, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, wooly-haired Ethiopians, surrounded us, clambering for backsheesh. Here and there a group of women

are sitting on the ground, threshing out the wheat, which they pick up in the fields, after the reapers have finished their tasks and the sheaves have been piled on the wagons and carted away. Then these Arab women and children come into the fields and gather the stalks that have been left behind, even as Ruth did in the field of Boaz. This custom is called "lekhet," both in Hebrew and Arabic.

Here in this valley, at the foot of Mount Tabor stood the black tents of Kedar and here today I see the very same tents of black goat's hair. with the flocks of sheep and goats around them. So are we brought in this land, near and close to the hoary past.

We climb higher along the narrow, rugged road and at our feet we behold spread out like a deep, green carpet, the vast and fertile vale of Jezreel, where Ahab met his bloody defeat at the hand of Jehu, while Jezebel sat at the lattice, watching and waiting.

The hills of Naphthali are on the west and far beyond, towards the north is mount Carmel and Gilboa, the scene of Joshua's victorious battles. On the east, beyond the Jordan valley rise the plateaus of Gilead and Hauran. And now we are ascending into the morning mist, that hangs like a thin hazy veil around Tabor's head.

At seven we reach the monastery at the top, and here we are welcomed by a Franciscan friar who prepares a wholesome breakfast for us, which we consume with keen and hearty relish.

After our repast, we are shown some fragments of ancient buildings and sculpture. We visit the ruins of a huge, formidable fortress erected here by the crusaders. And nearby we inspect the foundation walls and rock tombs of an Israelite village, in which as tradition would have it, the prophetess Deborah dwelt and judged the people.

---

"Gaum" is the Bedouin's supreme unwritten law. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood. If a

tribesman is killed, the slayer will pay the penalty with his own life but if he be not known, and his identity be concealed, then another, even though an innocent life, will have to be forfeited.

The deed is done quickly and secretly. If the Arab has been killed, near a colony, a few of the tribesmen will lurk in ambush until they have washed off the score in blood. Then they ride away, knowing that their comrade will lie at peace in his grave; for Gaum has been achieved, vengeance has been taken.

It does not matter that the Bedouin was slain while attempting to rob and kill. The laws of Gaum know but this: that blood alone can wash away blood.

If the slayer flee, and the pursuers are close upon his tracks, then he can find no safer shelter than in the midst of the tribe of his victim. Nay, the very tent of the nearest kinsman of the murdered man will be his most secure refuge. Here the pursuers will not enter or in any way molest him.

He will be given food and drink and a corner in which to rest and sleep, and that will continue for three days. On the fourth day, the host will escort his unbidden guest on his way for a mile or more and place his hand on his forehead and heart, on parting, in token of friendship and brotherly love. But a short stretch down the road, a band of horsemen will suddenly appear, as if springing from the ground. The fleeing fugitive will be surrounded and the bloody atonement be exacted.

---

Early this morning a government motor car, driven by a Tommy, stopped in front of my hotel at Jerusalem and I was whirled away toward Bersheeba.

For fifty miles we travelled southward through the gray stony mountains of Judea, and down among the foothills and the sandy plains, four hours of rough, zigzag, winding road, through a stony, treeless, waterless country.

Occasionally we passed the black tents of a Bedouin

encampment, or the dried mud-hovels of a Fellahin village. A few flocks of goats and sheep are grazing on the stubble of the furrowed fields. They scatter as we approach, and the Arab shepherds give chase, yelling and swearing.

How primitive it all is. How very little changed from the days when Abraham and Lot pastured their flocks here and their herdsmen quarreled over some of the wells we are passing now.

Many of the wells have large, round heavy stones rolled over their moults, and we are reminded of the meeting between the daughter of Jethro the Midianite and the fugitive Moses fleeing from the wrath of Pharaoh. Farther south we leave the mountains and the foothills, and we emerge on the broad, brown, rolling plain.

There is not a sign of human life or habitation anywhere. The birds overhead; ravens and vultures and beautiful birds with golden orange breasts and wings of shimmering green, are the only living things, besides a solitary olive tree, a patch of vivid color against the gray and brown—a lonely straggler into the desert.

Most of the Bedouins have wandered north with their flocks and herds of sheep and goats and camels.

You will find their black tents now pitched on the shores of Galilee and Merom and beyond the river Jordan.

With the first rains after the long, hot, parching summer, they will drift back and plough up these hillsides and valleys and plant their corn and maize and barley. And here they will stay until they have harvested their meagre crops, reaped and threshed and winnowed and milled; then they will fold their tents and glide away in search of richer pastures.

The fierce sirocco wind smites us in the face, hot and scorching, like the breath of an oven. Sometimes the wind whirls up clouds and columns of choking, blinding sand.

We pass across the trenches that had been held by the Turks and Germans and finally by the victorious British.

Here the Turks had mustered their forces and had prepared to throw thousands into Egypt. They had almost reached the Suez Canal when they were beaten and hurled back, and here around Bersheeba, they stood at bay until they were hunted out of these trenches and dugouts and driven north like chaff before the wind.

We reach Bersheeba in the early afternoon and are driven to the Governorate where we find Major K— and his staff awaiting us at the table.

---

Today is market day in Bersheeba. With the very first streaks of dawn, hundreds of Bedouin men and women come streaming into the town, bringing their produce and their cattle.

The quiet little town consisting of a few rows of low stone houses and stalls on either side of straight, broad streets, becomes awake and noisy with the sounds of barter and trade.

Here are women of the desert, bedecked with coins and trinkets on their heads and faces and bosoms and arms. Tall and dark dignified Bedouins in flowing robes and turbans stride about or sit in front of the stalls, sipping thick, black coffee and smoking narghilehs.

In the market-place on the outskirts of the town, there is a Babel of sounds and noises; men and women haggling over camels, asses, goats, sheep, saddles, heaps of grain and fruit.

Little swarthy, chubby infants looking like pocket editions of their elders and covered with dirt and flies, crawl about under the very hoofs of the camels.

The fair lasts all morning and in the afternoon, many of the Bedouins attend the Sheikh's court where their individual and tribal differences and difficulties are adjusted. The court is held in the large hall of the Administration Building. At the desk at the head of the room, sits the presiding judge, a tall, lean, smooth shaven British officer.

On one side are seated a row of Sheikhs of tribes; bearded,

dignified, majestic looking Bedouins in colored robes and turbans, their right hands resting on the heavily carved silver hilts of their long, curved swords.

They are silent and stern and look like a group of reincarnated warriors of Saladin.

A defendant and plaintiff are brought in. Each chooses a Sheikh to represent him. The Presiding Judge chooses a third Sheikh. Plaintiff and defendant squat down on the floor in front of their two judges and each tells his story.

When they have each recited their grievances, the judges put their heads together and discuss the merits of the case. The decision is recorded by the clerk. The Sheikhs set their seals to the document and the litigants press their thumbs into an ink pad and affix their fingerprints to the paper.

At least half a dozen cases are being tried in the hall simultaneously. Most of the disputes are concerning land boundaries, inheritance, strayed or stolen cattle and occasionally a woman.

Where an agreement cannot be reached, the parties of the first and second part frequently adjourn to the tomb of some noted and venerated saint where each swears the other out of countenance. Or they resort to the mediaeval trial by fire.

About twenty miles south of Bersheeba, there dwells a holy hermit who is in direct communion with all the saints of heaven and all the spirits of the underworld.

He places the end of an iron rod in the flame, until it is red and glowing. When this is applied to the tongue of one who tells the truth the flesh will not burn, but if applied to the tongue of one who lies, the flesh will immediately be scorched and consumed. There is no record of this test ever having failed.

---

Just on the outskirts of Bersheeba, beyond the grove of trees and on the fringe of the desert, there is a little city tenanted by the dead. Here are several hundred wooden crosses

marking the graves of those who have fallen in action and those who have died of their wounds.

Plain wooden crosses, half buried in the desert sand, their crudely painted letters, dull and well nigh faded. In a corner of the graveyard are a clump of "Shields of David"—six pointed boards over the mounds where the Jewish dead lie side by side with their Christian comrades, just as they fought shoulder to shoulder, on the battlefield and their blood flowed together and mingled in one stream and seeped into the soil of the ancient land.

---

At eight this morning, our steamer Praga, anchored in the beautiful Bay of Kahnea, denting the shore of Crete.

We were immediately surrounded by a fleet of rowboats and sailboats manned by yelling, shouting, gesticulating Greeks. Several crews were fighting for the honor and privilege of conveying us ashore. Finally, after one boat had been nearly capsized and the various parties had almost exhausted themselves howling curses upon each others fathers and mothers and grandparents, we clambered down the shaky swinging stairway and were deposited in one of the boats.

A few minutes row, brought us to the landing of the little city of Kahnea, picturesquely situated on the shore of the bay at the feet of rugged, towering cloud-capped mountains.

Just as we spring from the boat on the broad step of the stone pier, we are greeted by the familiar and ever welcome "Shalom," from several individuals, who by our looks and the red Mogin Dovid on our uniforms recognized us as brethren. They invite us to visit the synagogue which we promise to do, after we have made a tour of the town. So we hail a *fiacre*, driven by a dark-visaged villainous looking Greek whose looks slander him most wrongfully for he turns out to be a very pleasant chap and speaks a little broken English picked up while selling fruit in Boston.

Kahnea is a quaint place, the narrow winding streets are rather clean; the sidewalks are obstructed by chairs and



benches occupied by husky healthy looking men, who, though it is early morning, are already seemingly resting and relaxing from a days arduous labor.

Contentment and indolence are graven on their features, and their forms are sprawling in languid repose.

We pass a number of beautiful villas, nestling white and dainty, in the midst of green shady gardens, and we alight from the carriage and stroll through the market, which is an immense stone barrack roofed over with glass.

Here are exposed for sale, fruits, vegetables and fish and meat and many other sorts of foodstuffs, while in the square outside the market, a flock of sheep are examined and auctioned off.

The old sea wall also claims our interest. Part of it is very massive and seems quite ancient.

As we return to our starting point, on the quay, after an hours drive, we are met by a venerable, white-bearded old man in a long black gown and a round black cap, from under the rim of which the silvery hair straggles out and down about the forehead and face.

Apparently the news of our arrival has spread like wild-fire, for we are soon surrounded by a large fraction of the local Israelite community and escorted to the Jewish quarter.

This very antique Ghetto consists of several narrow streets whose projecting balconies and latticed windows almost meet and obscure the daylight.

But the place is fairly clean and the Sephardi Jews who make up most of its denizens are quite neat and prosperous-looking people. They greet us everywhere with a hearty "Shalom."

From every doorway old men and children come forward and shake us by the hand, and women more shy and reticent admire and bless us as we pass, for we bear on our arms the red seal of Zion. And our eyes have beheld the mountains and valleys and the sky of Judea, and our feet have trod the streets of the holy city.

We are conducted to the old synagogue, which dates back to the twelfth century. It is used but rarely now by the community, as daily services are held in a new and more pretentious structure.

But the old house of prayer, full of cobwebs and clustering memories is still revered and tenderly preserved. It has witnessed untold oppression and inhuman persecution, with now and then an interval of peace and prosperity and happiness. And now, when it is crumbling in old age and decay, its venerable old walls may yet hear the final farewells of its children as they come into the sacred house to offer up a last prayer before departing forever from Kahnea to return to the land of their fathers.

For the hearts of this little community are yearning for Palestine and they are preparing to gather together their few belongings, pull up their stakes and set out on their pilgrimage homeward.

We are treated to refreshments in the house of the Chacham Bashi and men and women come in, gaze upon us lovingly and entreat us for a word, a brief message from the "homeland."

"What news from Zion?" is the question all ask and their eyes light up with hope and joy as we tell them of the work that is being done and the efforts that are being made to regain the land for the children of Israel.

They have suffered grievously during the war, their sons have fallen on the battlefields of Europe, and many have come back, wounded and crippled. But the vice of hatred and discrimination is holding them tightly and mercilessly in its grip.

So Zionism has come to them like a redeeming Saviour. From the venerable Chacham Bashi to the bright eyed olive-skinned little school boy, and from the rich stout, smug merchant to the grimy, toil-worn shoemaker in leather apron and greasy smock; all have their faces turned towards Jerusalem and their hearts pulsating and their feet marking time and

their ears keen and eager for the great word that shall send them on their way.

They escorted us back to the boat and the patriarchal Chacham Bashi wrote out a blessing in the old Hebrew script and presented it to us in a basket full of red and white ol-  
anders, and olive and myrtle and jasmine leaves gathered by the children.

As we are rowed away from the quay, we gaze with a feeling akin to awe, upon their faces, radiant with hope and enthusiasm and across the water we hear, "May we meet again in Jerusalem."

---

### "FAREWELL"

Farewell to Zion's sacred land,  
To Galilee's blue sky,  
To Judah's mountain, plain and strand,  
Jerusalem, Good-bye.

O, Zion, land of sacred truth,  
And prophets' dreams divine,  
Thou, home of Judah's strength and youth,  
My beloved Palestine.

Thine is the soil that gave me birth,  
Here, first, I drew my breath,  
And here within thy blood-drenched earth,  
My fathers sleep in death.

Here was I young, here was I strong,  
Amid thy craigs and rocks,  
And heard the royal minstrel's song,  
And watched the bleating flocks.

Long years I've roamed o'er land and sea,  
A weary exile's way,  
By night I dreamed of Galilee,  
And prayed and hoped by day.

Then came a call from Zion's strand,  
A groan of mortal pain,  
A cry for help from Judah's land,  
From hill and dell and plain.

It circled o'er the western sea,  
It thundered at my door,  
It stirred the slumbering soul in me,  
That cry from Judah's shore.

Of hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes,  
And shoulders bowed with care,  
And babes unsheltered neath the skies,  
And grief and dull despair.

Thy wounds are deep, thy woes are great,  
Thy grief and pains are mine,  
O, would that I could consecrate,  
My life to Palestine.

We heard the call across the wave,  
We came in close-knit ranks,  
We gave our help, to heal, to save.  
Nor sought for praise or thanks.

Now loved ones watch for our return,  
And tender lips implore,  
And aching hearts with longing, yearn  
On fair Columbia's shore.

Good-bye to Zion's sacred land,  
To Galilee's blue sky,  
To Judah's mountain plain and strand,  
Jerusalem, Good-bye!





I. Edward Kiev

Judaica Collection



The Gelman Library

The  
George  
Washington  
University  
WASHINGTON DC

